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at the Black-Friers, FIRST EDITION, *fine copy*
Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Thorppe, 1608

Accessions

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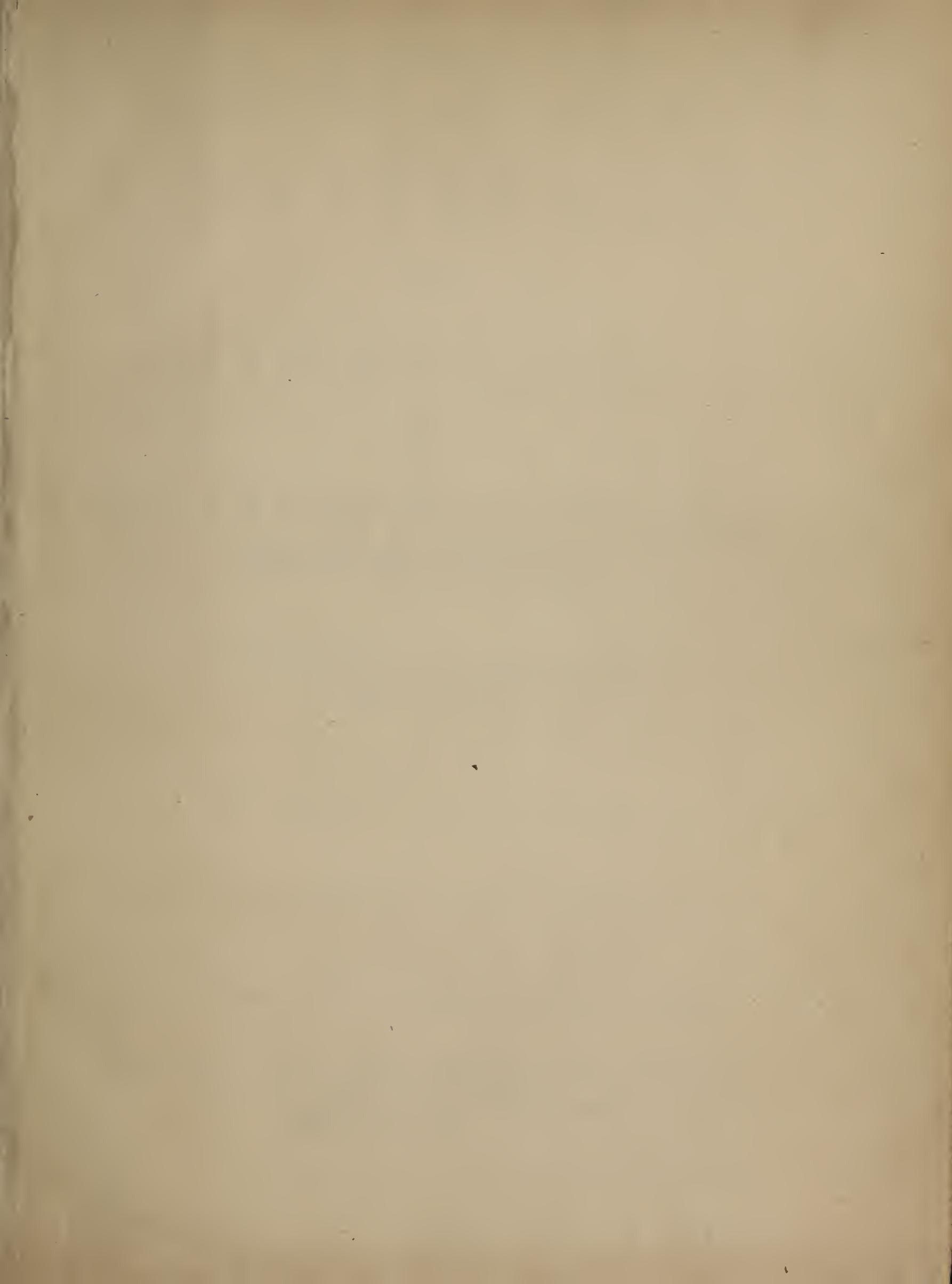
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THE
CONSPIRACIE,
And
TRAGEDIE
OF
CHARLES Duke of BYRON,
Marshall of France.

Acted lately in two playes, at the
Black-Friers.

Written by GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Printed by G. Eld for Thomas Thorpe, and are to be sold at
the Tygers head in Paules Church-yard.

1608.

ЭЮАЯЧИОО

ЭСВАЯТ

149.643

May 1873

To my Honorable and Constant
friend, Sir Tho: Walsingham, Knight: and to my much
loued from his birth, the right toward and worthy
Gentleman his sonne Thomas Walsingham,
Esquire.



IR, though I know, you euer stood
little affected to these vnprofitable
rites of Dedication; (which disposi-
tion in you, hath made me hetherto
dispence with your right in my o-
ther impressions) yet, least the world
may repute it a neglect in me, of so
ancient and worthy a friend; (hauing heard your ap-
probation of these in their presentment) I could not
but prescribe them with your name; And that my
affection may extend to your Posteritie, I haue enti-
tled to it, herein, your hope and comfort in your ge-
nerous sonne; whom I doubt not, that most reuerenc'd
Mother of *Manly Sciences*; to whose instruction your
virtuous care commits him; will so profitably initiate
in her learned labours, that they will make him florish
in his riper life, ouer the idle liues of our ignorant
Gentlemen; and enable him to supply the Honorable
places, of your name; extending your yeares, and his
right noble Mothers (in the true comforts of his ver-
tues) to the sight of much, and most happy Progenie;
which most affectionately wishing; and diuiding these
poore dismemberd Poems betwixt you, I desire to
liue still in your gracefull loues; and euer,

The most assured at your commandements
GEORGE CHAPMAN.

Prologus.

Whenthe vnciuill, ciuill warres of France,
Had pour'd upon the countries beaten brest,
Her batterd Citties; prest her under hils
Of slaughterd carcases; set her in the mouthes
Of neurtherous breaches, and mide pale Despaire,
Leaue her to Ruine; through them all, Byron
Stept to her rescue; tooke her by the hand:
Pluckt her from under her unnaturall presse,
And set her shining in the height of peace.
And now newclensd, from dust, from sweat, and bloud,
And dignisied with title of a Duke;
As when in wealthy Autumne, his bright starre
(Was bit in the lofy Ocean,) thence ariseth;
Illustrates heauen, and all his other fires.
Out-shines and darkens; so admird Byron,
All France, exempted from comparison.
He toucht heauen with his lance; nor yet was toucht
With hellish treacherie: his countries loue,
He yet thirsts: not the faire shades of himselfe:
Of which empoisoned Spring; when pollicie drinkes,
He bursts in growing great; and rising, sinckes:
Which now behold in our Conspirator,
And see in his revolt, how honors flood
Ebbes into ayre, when men are Great, not Good.

ACTVS.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

ACTVS I. SCAENA I.

Sauoy, Roncas, Rochelte, Breton.

Sau. I Would not for halfe Sauoy, but haue bound
I Fraunce to some fauour, by my personall presence
More than your selfe, (my Lord Ambassadour)
Could haue obtaind; for all Ambassadours
(You know) haue chiefly these instructions;
To note the State and chiefe sway of the Court,
To which they are employde; to pénétrate
The heart, and marrow of the Kings designes,
And to obserue the countenances and spirates,
Of such as are iimpotent of rest;
And wring beneath, some priuate discontent:
But, past all these, there are a number more
Of these State Critiscismes: That our personall view
May profitably make, which cannot fall
Within the powres of our instruction,
To make you comprehend; I will doe more
With my meere shadow, than you with your persons.
All you can say against my comming heere,
Is that, which I confesse, may for the time,
Breede strange affections in my brother Spaine;
But when I shal haue time to make my Cannans,
The long-tong'd Heralds of my hidden drifts,
Our reconcilement will be made with triumphs.

Ron. If not, your Highnesse hath small cause to care,
Hauing such worthy reason to complaine
Of Spaines colde friendship, and his lingring succours,
Who onely entertaines your grieves with hope,
To make your medcine desperate.

Roch. My Lord knowes
The Spanish glosse too well; his forme stiffe lasting,
And the most dangerous conditons,
He layes on them with whome he is in league.
Th'injustice in the most vncquall dower,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Giuen with th' *Infanta*, whome my Lord espousde,
Compar'd with that her elder sister had,
May tell him how much *Spaines* loue weighs to him;
Wh'en of so many Globes and Scepters held
By the great King, he onely would bestow
A portion but of six score thousand Crownes
In yeerely pension, with his highnesse wife,
Wh'en the *Infanta* wedded by the Archduke
Had the Franch County, and lowe Prouinces.

Bret. We should not set these passages of Splene
Twixt *Spaine* and *Sanoy*; to the weaker part,
More good by suffiance growes, than deedes of heart,
The nearer Princes are, the further off
In rites of friendship; my aduice had neuer
Consented to this voyage of my Lord,
In which he doth endaunger *Spaines* whole losse,
For hope of some poore fragment heere in *Fraunce*.

San. My hope in *France* you know not, though my counsel,
And for my losse of *Spaine*, it is agreeede,
That I should sleight it, oft-times Princes rules
Are like the Chymicall Philosophers;
Leaue me then to mine owne proiection,
In this our thrifte Alchymie of state,
Yet helpe me thus farre, you that haue beene heere
Our Lord Ambassadour; and, in short informe mee,
What Spirits here are fit for our designes.

Ron. The new-created Duke *Byron* is fit,
Were there no other reason for your presence,
To make it worthie; for he is a man
Of matchlesse valure, and was euer happy
In all encounters, which were still made good,
With an vnwearyed sence of any toyle,
Hauing continewd fourteene dayes together
Vpon his horse; his blood is not voluptuous,
Nor much inclinde to women; his desires
Are higher than his state, and his deserts
Not much short of the most he can desire,
If they be weigh'd with what *Fraunce* feoles by them.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

He is past measure glorious: And that humour
Is fit to feede his Spirites, whome it possessest
With faith in any encur; chiefly where
Men blowt it vp, with praise of his perfections,
The taste whereot in him so soothes his pallate,
And takes vp all his appetite that oft times
He will refuse his meate, and companie
To feast alone with their most strong conceit;
Ambition also, cheeke by cheeke doth march
With that excesse of gloriy, both sustaing
With an vnlimited fancie, That the King,
Nor France it selfe, without him can subsist.

Sau. He is the man (my Lord) I come to winne;
And that supreame intention of my pretence
Saw never light till now, which yet I feare,
The politike king, suspecting, is the cause
That he hath sent him so faire from my reach,
And made him chiefe in the Commission,
Of his ambassage to my brother Arch-duke,
With whome he is now; and (as I am tolde)
So entertaind and ftted in his humour,
That ere I part, I hope he will returne
Prepar'd, and made the more fit for the phisicke
That I intend to minister.

Ron. My Lord,
There is another discontented Spirite
Now heere in Court, that for his braine, and aptnes
To any course that may recover him
In his declined and litigious state,
Will serue *Byron*, as he were made for him,
In giuing vent to his ambitious vaine,
And that is, *De Laffin*.

Sau. You tell me true,
And him I thinke you haue prepar'd for me.

Ron. I haue my Lord, and doubt not he will prooue,
Of the yet raintlesse fortresse of *Byron*,
A quicke Expugner, and a strong Abider.

Sau. Perchappes the batty will be brought before him,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

In this ambassage, for I am assur'd
They set high price of him, and are informde
Of all the passages, and means for mines
That may be thought on, to his taking in:

Enter Henry and Laffin.

The King comes, and *Laffin*: the Kings aspect
Folded in cloudes.

Hen. I will not haue my traine,
Made a retreite for Bankroutes, nor my Court,
A hyue for Droanes: prowde Beggars, and true Thieues,
That with a forced truth they sware to me,
Robbe my poore subiects, shall giue vp their Arts,
And henceforth learne to liue by their desarts;
Though I am growne, by right of Birth and Armes
Into a greater kingdome, I will spreade
With no more shade, then may admit that kingdome
Her proper, naturall, and woonted fruites,
Nauarre shall be *Nauarre*, and *France* still *France*:
If one may be the better for the other
By mutuall rites, so, neither shal be worse.
Thou arte in lawe, in quarrells, and in debt,
Which thou wouldest quit with countnaunce; Borrowing
With thee is purchase, and thou seekst by me
(In my supportance) now our olde warres cease
To wage worse battells, with the arnes of Peace.

Laf. Peace must not make men Cowherds, nor keepe calme
Her pursie regiment with mens smotherd breaths;
I must confesse my fortunes are declinde,
But neither my deseruings, nor my minde:
I seeke but to sustaine the right I found,
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard; mans right to euery thing
Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest King;
Yet Justice should be still indifferent.
The ouerplus of Kings, in all their might,
Is but to peece out the defects of right;
And this I sue for, nor shall frownes and taunts

(The

BYTRONS CONSPIRACIE.

(The common Scarre-crowes of all poore mens suites)
Nor mis-construction that doth colour still
Licentiate Iustice, punishing good for ill,
Keepe my free throate from knocking at the Skie,
If thunder chid mee for my equitie.

Hen. Thy equity, is to be euer banisht
From Court, and all societie of noblesse,
Amongst whome thou throwst balls of all dissention;
Thou arte at peace with nothing but with warre,
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eatst thy heart,
If it but thinke of doing any good:
Thou witchest with thy smiles, suckst bloud with praises,
Mock'st al humanitie; society poisonst;
Coosinest with vertue; with religion
Betrayst, and massacrest; so vile thy selfe,
That thou suspectst perfection in others:
A man must thinke of all the villanies
He knowes in all men, to descipher thee,
That art the centre to impietie:
Away, and tempt me not.

Laf. But you tempt me, *Exit.*
To what, thou Sunne be iudge, and make him see.

San. Now by my dearest Marquisate of *Salusses*,
Your Maiestie hath with the greatest life
Describ'd a wicked man; or rather thrust
Your arme downe through him to his very feete,
And pluckt his inside out, that euer yet,
Mine eares did witnesse; or turnd eares to Eies;
And those strange Characters, writ in his face,
which' at first sight, were hard for me to reade,
The Doctrine of your speech, hath made so plaine,
That I run through them like my naturall language:
Nor do I like that mans Aspect, methinkes,
Of all lookes where the Beames of Starres haue caru'd
Their powrefull influences; And (O rare)
What an heroicke, more than royll Spritte
Bewraide you in your first speech, that defies
Protection of vile droanes, that eate the honny.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Sweete from laborious vertue, and denies
To give those of Navarre, though bred with you,
The benefites and dignities of Fraunce.
When little Riuers by their greedy currants,
(Farre faire extended from their mother springe)
Drinke vp the foraine brookes still as they runne,
And force their greatnesse, when they come to Sea,
And iustle with the Ocean for a roome,
O how he roares, and takes them in his mouth,
Digesting them so to his proper stremes,
That they are no more seene, hee nothing raisde
Aboue his vsuall bounds, yet they deuour d,
That of themclues were pleasant, goodly flouds.

Hen. I would doe best for both, yet shall not be secure,
Till in some absolute heires my Crowne be settled,
There is so little now betwixt Aspirers
And their great obiect in my onely selfe,
That all the strength they gather vnder me,
Temptes combate with mine owne: I therefore make
Meanes for some issue by my mariage,
Which with the great Dukes neece is now concluded,
And she is comming; I haue trust in heauen
I am not yet so olde, but I may spring,
And then I hope all traitrous hopes will fade.

Sau. Else may their whole estates flie, rooted vp
To Ignominie and Obliuion:
And (being your neighbor seruant, and poore kinsman)
I wish your mighty Race might multiply,
Euen to the Period of all Emperie.

Hen. Thankes to my princely coozen this your loue
And honour shewne me in your personall presence,
I wish to welcome to your full content:
The peace I now make with your brother Archduke,
By Duke Byron our Lord Ambassadour,
I wish may happily extend to you,
And that at his returne we may conclude it.

Sau. It shall be to my heart the happiest day
Of all my life, and that life all employd,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

To celebrate the honour of that day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roiscau.

Rois. The wondrous honour doone our Duke *Byron*
In his Ambassage heere, in th' Archdukes Court,
I feare will taint his loyaltie to our King,
I will obserue how they obserue his humour,
And glorifie his valure; and how he
Accepis and stands attractiue to their ends,
That so I may not seeme an idle spot
In traine of this ambassage, but returne
Able to giue our King some note of all,
Worth my attendance; And see, heere's the man,
Who (though a French man, and in *Orleance* borne
Seruing the Arch-duke) I doe most suspect,
Is set to be the tempter of our Duke;
He goe where I may see, althoough not heare.

Enter Picote, with two other spreading a Carpet.

Pic. Spreda heere this historie of *Cateline*,
That Earth may seeme to bring forth Roman Spirites;
Euen to his Geniall feete; and her daike breast
Be made the cleare Glasse of his shining Graces,
Weele make his feete so tender, they shall gall
In all paths but to Empire; and therein
He make the sweete Steppes of his State beginne. *Exeunt.*

Lowde Musique, and enter Byron.

Byr. What place is this? what ayre? what rhegion?
In which a man may heare the harmony
Of all things moouing? *Hymen* marries heere,
Their ends and vses, and makes me his Temple,
Hath any man beene blessed, and yet liu'd?
The bloud turnes in my veines, I stand on change,
And shall dissolve in changing; tis so full
Of pleasure not to be constrainde in flesh:
To feare a violent Good, abuseth Goodnes,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Tis Immortallitie to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quicke to heauen;
What will not holde Perfection, let it burst;
What force hath any Cannan, not being chargde,
Or being not dischargde? To haue stiffe and forme,
And to lie idle, fearefull, and vnus'd,
Nor forme, nor stiffe shewes; happy *Semele*
That died comprest with Glorie: Happiness
Denies comparison, of lesse, or more,
And not at most, is nothing: like the shaft
Shot at the Sunne, by angry *Hercules*,
And into shiuers by the thunder broken
Will I be if I burst: And in my heart
This shall be written: yet twas high and right.

Musique againe.

Heere too? they follow all my steppes with Musique,
As if my fete were numerous, and trode sounds
Out of the Center, with *Apollon's* vertue,
That out of euery thing his ech-part toucht,
Strooke musicall accents: wheresoe're I goe,
They hide the earth from me with couerings rich,
To make me thinke that I am heere in heauen.

Enter Picote in haste.

Pic. This way, your Highnesse.

Byr. Come they?

Pic. I my Lord.

Exeunt.

*Enter the other Commissioners of Fraunce, Beliure, Brulart,
Aumall, Orenge.*

Bel. My Lord d'Aumall, I am exceeding sorie,
That your owne obstinacie to hold out,
Your mortall enmitie against the King,
When Duke *du Maine*, and all the faction yeelded,
Should force his wrath to vse the rites of treason,
Upon the members of your sencelesse Statue,
Your Name and House, when he had lost your person,
Your loue and duety.

Br. That which men enforce

By

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

By their owne wilfulness; they must endure
With willing patience, and without complaint.

D' Aus. I vse not much impatience nor complaint,
Though it offends me much, to haue my name
So blotted with addition of a Traitor.
And my whole meinory, (with such despight,
Markt and begun to be so rooted out.)

Bru. It was despight that held you out so long,
Whose penance in the King was needfull iustice.

Bel. Come let vs seeke our Duke, and take our leaues
Of th' Archdukes grace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Byron and Pycote.

Byr. Here may we safely breathe?

Py. No doubt (my Lord) no stranger knowes this way;
Onely the Arch-duke, and your friend Count *Mansfield*,
Perhaps may make their generall scapes to you,
To vtter some part of their priuate loues,
Ere your departure.

Byr. Then, I well perceiue
To what th' intention of his highnesse tends;
For whose, and others here, most worthy Lords,
I will become (with all my worth) their seruant,
In any office, but disloyaltie;
But that hath euer showd so fowle a monster
To all my Ancestors, and my former life,
That now to entertaine it; I must wholy
Giue vp my habite, in his contrary,
And striue to growe out of priuation.

Py. My Lord, to weare your loyall habite still,
When it is out of fashion; and hath done
Seruice enough; were rusticke miserie:
The habite of a seruile loyaltie,
Is reckond now amongst priuations,
With blindnesse, dumbnesse, deafnesse, scilence, death,
All which are neither natures by themselues
Nor substances, but mere decayes of forme,

C

And

BYTRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And absolute deceissions of nature,
And so, 'tis nothing, what shall you then loose?
Your highnesse hath a habite in perfection,
And in desert of highest dignities,
Which carue your selfe, and be your owne rewarder;
No true powre doth admit privation,
Aduerse to him; or suffers any fellow
Ioynde in his subiect; you, superiors;
It is the nature of things absolute,
One to destroy another; be your Highnesse,
Like those steepe hils that will admit no clowds,
No deawes, nor leſt fumes bound about their browes;
Because their tops pierce into pureſt ayre,
Expert of humor; or like ayre it ſelue
That quickly changeth; and receiuſeſ the ſunne
Soone as he riſeth; euery where diſpersing
His royll ſplendor; guirds it in his beames,
And makes it ſelue the body of the light;
Hote, ſhining, ſwift, light, and aſpiring things,
Are of immortall, and celeſtiall nature;
Colde, darke, dull, heauie of infernall fortunes,
And neuer aimie at any happiness;
Your excellencie knowes; that ſimple loyaltie,
Faith, loue, ſinceritie, are but words, no things;
Meetely deuifde for forme; and at the Legate,
Sent from his Holinesſe, to frame a peace
Twixt Spaine and Sauoy; labour'd feruently,
(For common ends, not for the Dukes perticular)
To haue him ſigne it; he againe endeuours
(Not for the Legates paines, but his owne pleasure)
To gratifie him; and being at laſt encountrēd;
Where the flood *Tesyn* enters into *Po*,
They made a kinde contention, which of them
Should encerth' others boate; one thrust the other;
One legge was ouer, and another in:
And with a fierie courtesie, at laſt
Sauoy leapes out, into the Legates arines,
And here ends all his loue, and th' others labour;

BYTRONS CONSPIRACIE.

So shall these termes, and impositions
Exprest before, hold nothing in themselues
Really good ; but florishes of forme:
And furtherthen they make to priuate ends
None wise, or free, their proper vse intends.

Bjr. O 'tis a dangerous, and a dreadfull thing
To stcale prey from a Lyon ; or to hide
A head distrustfull, in his opened iawes ;
To trust our bloud, in others veines ; and hang
Twixt heauen and earth, in vapors of their breaths :
To leaue a sure pace on continuat earth,
And force a gate in iumps, from towre to towre,
As they doe that aspire, from height to height ;
The bounds of loyaltie are made of glasse,
Soone broke, but can in no date be repaird ;
And as the Duke D' Aumall, (now here in Court)
Flying his countrey ; had his Statue borne
Peece-meale with horses ; all his goods confiscate,
His Armes of honor, kickt about the streetes,
His goodly house at Annet rac'd to th' earth.
And (for a strange reproche of his soule treason)
His trees about it, cut off by their wastes ;
So, when men flie the naturall clime of truthe,
And turne them-selues loose, out of all the bounds
Of Iustice, and the straight-way to their ends ;
Forsaking all the sure force in themselues
To seeke, without them, that which is not theirs,
The formes of all their comforts are distracted ;
The riches of their freedomes forfaited ;
Their humaine noblesse sham'd ; the Mansions
Of their colde spirits, eaten downe with Cares ;
And all their ornaments, of wit, and valure,
Learning, and iudgement, cut from all their fruites.

Alb. O, here were now the richest prize in Europe,
Were he but taken in affection,
Would we might growe together, and be twins
Of eithers fortune ; or that, still embrac't
I were, but Ring to such a pretious stone :

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Byr. Your highnesse honors, and high bountie showne me,
Haue wonne from me, my voluntary powre;
And I must now mooue by your eminent will;
To what particular obiects; if I know
By this mans intercession, he shall bring;
My vttermost answere, and performe betwixt vs,
Reciprocall, and full intelligence.

Alber. Euen for your owne deserued roiall good,
Tis ioyfully accepted, vsc the loues
And worthy admirations of your friends,
That beget vowes of all things you can wish,
And be what I wish: danger faies, no more. *Exit.*

Enter Mansfield at another dore. Exit Picoté.

Mans. Your highnesse makest the light of this Court stoope,
With your so neere departure, I was forc't
To tender to your excellency, in briefe,
This priuate wish, in taking of my leaue;
That in some army Roiall, old Cont *Mansfield*,
Might be commanded by your matchles valor,
To the supreamest point of victorie:
Who vowes for that renowne all praier, and seruice:
No more, least I may wrong you. *Exit Mans.*

Byr. Thanke your Lordship.

Enter D^r. Aumail and Oren^g.

D^r Au. All maestic be added to your highnesse,
Of which, I would not wish your brest to beare
More modest apprehension: then may tread,
The high gate of your spirit; and be knowne
To be a fit Bound for your Boundlesse valor;

Or. So Oren^g wisheth, and to the desarts by
Of your great actions, their most roiall Crowne.

Enter Picoté.

Pic. Away my Lord, the Lords enquire for you. *Exit Bir.*

Enter Oren^g, D^r Aum, Roiseau.

Ore. Would we might winne his valor to our party.

D^r Au.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

D'An. Tis well prepar'd in his entreaty here;
With all states highest obseruations:
And to their forme, and words, are added gifts,
He was presented with two goodly horses,
One of which two, was the braue Beast Pastrana:
With plate of gold, and a much prized iewell;
Girdle and hangers, set with welthy stones:
All which were vallewed, at ten thousand crownes;
The other Lords had suites of tapistry,
And chaines of gold, and euery gentleman
A paire of Spanish Gloues, and Rapire blades:
And here ends their entreaty; which I hope
Is the beginning of more good to vs,
Then twenty thousand times their giftes to them.

Enter Alber: Byr: Beli: Mans: Roiseau: with others.

Alber. My Lord, I grieue that all the setting forth,
Of our best welcome, made you more retired:
Your chamber hath beene more lou'd then our honors;
And therefore we are glad your time of parting
Is come to set you in the ayre you loue:
Commend my seruice to his Maiesty,
And tell him that this daie of peace with him
Ile hold, as holie. All your paines my Lords
I shalbe alwaies glad to graefie
With any loue and honour, your owne hearts
Shall do me grace to wish exprest to you.

Ruis. Here hath beene strange demeaneure, which shall flic,
To the great author of this Ambassy.

FINIS ACTUS I.

ACT. 2. SCE. 1.

Sauoy, Laffin, Roncas, Rochette,
Breron.

Sauoy. Admit no entry, I will speake with none,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Good signior *de Laffin*, your worth shall finde,
That I will make a iewell for my cabinet,
Of that the King (in surfeit of his store)
Hath cast out, as the sweepings of his hall;
I told him, hauing threatened you away,
That I did wonder, this small time of peace,
Could make him cast his armor so securely
In such as you, and as twere set the head
Of one so great in counsailes, on his foote,
And pitch him from him with such guardlike strength.

Laffi. He may perhaps finde he hath pitcht away,
The Axeltree that kept him on his wheeles.

Sax. I told him so, I iweare, in other termes
And not with too much note of our close loues
Least so he might haue smokt our practises.

Laffi. To chuse his time, and spit his poison on me,
Through th'cares, and cies of strangers.

Sax. So I told him
And more then that, which now I will not tell you:
It rests now then, Noble, and worthy friend,
That to our friendship, we draw Duke *Byron*,
To whose attraction there is no such chaine,
As you can fordge, and shake out of your braine.

Laffi. I haue douisde the fashion and the weight;
To valures hard to draw, we vse retreates;
And, to pull shaftes home, (with a good bow-arme)
We thrust hard from vs: since he came from Flanders
He heard how I was threatened with the King,
And hath beeene much inquisitiue to know
The truth of all, and seekes to speake with me;
The meanes he vsde, I answerd doubtfully;
And with an intimation that I shund him,
Which will (I know) put more spur to his charge;
And if his haughty stomacke be preparde,
With will to any act: for the aspiring
Of his ambitious aimes, I make no doubt
But I shall worke him to your highnesse wish.

Sax. But vndertake it, and I rest assur'd:

You

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

You are reported to haue skill in Magick,
And the euents of things, at which they reach
That are in nature apt to ouerreach:
Whom the whole circkle of the present time,
In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,
Can not containe : those men (as broken loose
From humaine limmits) in all violent ends
Would faine aspire the faculties of fiends,
And in such ayre breathe his vnbounded spirits,
Which therefore we'll will fit such coniurations,
Attempt him then by flying ; close wicth him,
And bring him home to vs, and take my dukedom.

Laf. My best in that, and all things, vowes your seruice.

Sau. Thankes to my deare friend; and the French *Vlisses*.

Exit Sauoy.

Enter Byron.

Byr. Here is the man ; my honord friend, *Laffin*?
Alone, and heauy countinanc't ? on what termes
Stood th' insultation of the King vpon you?

Laffi Why do you aske?

Byr. Since I would know the truth.

Laf. And when you know it ; what?

Byr. Ile iudge betwixt you,
And (as I may) make cuen th' excesse of either.

Laf. Ah las my Lord, not all your loyaltie,
Which is in you, more then hereditary,
Nor all your valure (which is more then humane)
Can do the seruice you may hope on me
In sounding my displeasde integrity ;
Stand for the King, as much in policie
As you haue stird for him in deeds of armes,
And make your selfe his glorie, and your countries
Till you bee suckt as drie, and wrought as leane,
As my fleade carcase: you shall never close
With me, as you imagine.

Byr. You much wrong me, to soone iudge me
To thinke me an intelligencing Lord.

Laf.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Laff. I know not how your so affected zeale,
To be reputed a true harted subiect,
May stretch or turne you ; I am desperate ;
If I offend you, I am in your powre :
I care not how I tempt your conquering furie,
I am predestin'd to too base an end,
To haue the honor of your wrath destroy me ;
And be a worthy obiect for your sword :
I lay my hand, and head too at your feete,
As I haue euer, here I hold it still,
End me directly, doe not goe about.

Byr. How strange is this ? the shame of his disgrace
Hath made him lunatique.

Laff. Since the King hath wrong'd me
He thinkes Ile hurt my selfe ; no, no, my Lord :
I know that all the Kings in Christendome,
(If they should ioyne in my reuenge) would proue
Weake foes to him ; still hauing you to friend :
If you were gone (I care not if you tell him)
I might be tempted then to right my selfe. *Exit.*

Byr. He has a will to me, and dares not shew it,
His state decaid, and he disgrac'd; distracts him.

Redit Laffin.

Laff. Change not my words my Lord, I onely said
I might be tempted then to right my selfe :
Temptation to treason, is no treason ;
And that word (tempted) was conditionall too,
If you were gone, I pray informe the truth. *Exitur.*

Byr. Stay iniur'd man, and know I am your friend,
Farre from these base, and mercenarie reaches,
I am I sweare to you.

Laff. You may be so ;
And yet youle giue me leaue to be *Laffin*,
A poore and expuate humor of the Court :
But what good bloud came out with me ; what yeines
And sinews of the Triumphs, now it makes ;
I list not vante ; yet will I now confesse,
And dare assume it ; I haue powre to adde

To

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

To all his greatness; and make yet more fixt
His bould securitie; Tell him this my Lord;
And this (if all the spirits of earth and aire,
Be able to enforce) I can make good:
If knowledge of the sure euents of things,
Euen from the rise of subiects into Kings:
And falles of Kings to subiects, hold a powre
Of strength to worke it; I can make it good;
And tell him this to; if in midest of winter
To make black Groues grow greene; to still the thunder;
And cast out able flashes from mine eies,
To beate the lightning back into the skies,
Pioue powre to do it, I can make it good;
And tell him this too; if to lift the Sea
Vp to the Starres, when all the Windes are still;
And keepe it calme, when they are most enrag'd:
To make earths driest pallins, sweate humorous springs
To make fixt rocks walke; and loose shadowes stand,
To make the dead speake. midnight see the Sunne,
Mid-daiie turne mid-night; to dissolve all lawes
Of nature, and of order, argue powre
Able to worke all, I can make all good.
And all this tell the King.

Byr. Tis more then strange,
To see you stand thus at the rapiers point
With one so kinde, and sure a friend as I.

Laff. Who cannot friend himselfe, is fo to any,
And to be fear'd of all, and that is it,
Makes me so skornd, but make me what you can;
Neuer so wicked, and so full of feends,
I neuer yet, was traitor to my friends:
The lawes of friend ship I haue euer held,
As my religion; and for other lawes;
He is a foole that keepes them with more care,
Then they keepe him, safe, rich, and populare:
For riches, and for populare respects
Take them amongst yee Minions, but for safety,
You shall not finde the least flaw in maine armes,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To pierce or taint me; what will great men be,
To please the King, and beare authoritie. *Exit.*

Byr. How fit a tort were this to hanself fortune?
And I will winne it though I loose my selfe,
Though he prooue harder then Egyprian Marble,
He make him malleable, as th' Ophyr gold;
I am put off from this dull shore of East,
Into industrious, and high-going Seas;
Where, like *Pelides* in *Scamanders* flood,
Up to the eares in surges, I will fight,
And pluck French *Ilion* ynderneath the waues;
If to be highest still, be to be best,
All workes to that end are the worthiest:
Truth is a golden Ball, cast in our way,
To make vs stript by falsehood; And as *Spaine*
When the hote scuffles of *Barbarian* armies,
Smotherd the life of *Don Sebastian*,
To guild the leaden rumor of his death,
Gave for a slaughterd body (held for his)
A hundred thousand crownes; causd all the state
Of superstitious *Portugall*, to mourne
And celebrate his soleinne funerals;
The Moores to conquest, thankfull feasts preferre,
And all made with the carcasse of a *Switzer*:
So in the Giantlike, and politique warres
Of barbarous greatnessse, raging still in peace,
Showes to aspice iust objets; are laide on
With cost, with labour, and with forme enough,
Which onely makes our best acts brooke the light,
And their ends had, we thinke we haue their right,
So wurst workes are made good, with good successe,
And so for Kings, pay subiects carcases. *Exit.*

Enter *Henry, Roisearc*.

Hen. Was he so courted?
Rois. As a Cittie Dame,
Brought by her iugalous husband, to the Court.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Some elder Courtiers entertaining him,
While others snatch a fauour from his wife:
One starts from this doore; from that nooke another,
With gifts, and iunkets, and with printed phrase,
Steale her employmēt, shifting place by place
Still as her husband comes: so Duke *Byron*
Was woodē, and worshipēt in the Arch-dukes Court,
And as th' assistants that your Maiestie,
Ioinde in Commission with him, or my selfe,
Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
He euer vanisht: and as such a dame,
As we compar'd with him before, being wun
To breake faith to her husband, loose her fame,
Staine both their progenies, and comming fresh
From vnderneath the burthen of her shame,
Visits her husband with as chaste a browe,
As temperate, and confirm'd behauour,
As she came quitted from confession.
So from his scapes, would he present a presence,
The practise of his late adulterie,
And guilt that should a gracefull bosome strike,
Drownde in the set lake, of a hopelesse cheeke.

Hen. It may be hee dissembled, or suppose,
He be a little tainted: men whom vertue
Formes with the stiffe of fortune, great, and gratiouſ,
Must needs pertake with fortune in her humor
Of instabilitie: and are like to shafts
Growne crookt with standing, which to rectifie,
Must twice as much be bowd another way,
He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,
Must for his wurt be borne with: we must fit
Our gouernment to men, as men to it:
In old time, they that hunted sauadge beasts,
Are said to clothe themselues in sauage skinnes,
They that were Fowlers when they went on fowling,
Wore garments made with wings resembling Fowles:
To Buls, we must not shew our selues in red,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Nor to the warlick Elephant in white,
In all things gover'd, their infirmities
Must not be stird, nor wrought on ; Duke *Byron*
Flowes with adust, and melancholy choller,
And melancholy spirits are venomous :
Not to be toucht, but as they may be cur'd :
I therefore meane to make him change the ayre,
And send him further from those Spanish vapors,
That still beare fighting sulphure in their brests,
To breath a while in temperate English ayre,
Where lips are spyc'd with free and loyall counsailes,
Where policies are not ruinous, but sauing ;
Wisdome is simple, valure righteous,
Humaine, and hating facts of brutish forces
And whose graue natures, scorne the scoffes of *France*,
The empty complements of *Italy*,
The any-way encroching pride of *Spaine*,
And loue men modest, harty, iust and plaine.

Sauoy, whispering with Laffin.

Sau. Ile sound him for *Byron* ; and what I finde,
In the Kings depth ; ile draw vp, and informe,
In excitations to the Dukes reuolt,
When next I meete with him.

Laff. It must be done
With praising of the Duke ; from whom the king
Will take to giue himselfe ; which tolde the Duke,
Will take his heart vp into all ambition.

Sau. I know it (politick friend:) and tis my purpose, *Exit Laf.*
Your Maestic hath mist a royll sight,
The Duke *Byron*, on his braue beast *Pastrana*,
Who sits him like a full-saile Argosea,
Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug
Plyes to his bearer, both their motions mixt ;
And being considerd in their site together,
They do the best present the state of man,
In his first royltie ruling ; and of beasts
In their first loyaltie seruing ; one commanding,
And no way being mou'd ; the other seruing,

And

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

And no way being compeld; of all the fightes
That euer my eyes wittest; and they make
A doctrinall and witty Hieroglyphick,
Of a blest kingdome: to expresse and teach,
Kings to command as they could serue, and subiects
To serue as if they had powre to command.

Hen. You are a good old horseman I perceiue,
And still out all the vse of that good part:
Your wit is of the true *Pierean* spring,
That can make any thing, of any thing.

San. So braue a subiect as the Duke, no king
Seated on earth, can vante of but your Highnesse,
So valiant, loyall, and so great in seruice,

Hen. No question he sets valour in his heighth,
And hath done seruice to an equall pitche,
Fortune attending him with fit events,
To all his ventrous and well-laid attempts.

San. Fortune to him was *Juno*, to *Alcides*,
For when, or where did she but open way,
To any act of his? what stome tooke he
With her helpe, or without his owne lost bloud?
What fort wan he by her? or was not forc't?
What victory but gaintods? on what Commandement
Sleepy or negligent, did he euer charge?
What Summer euer made she faire to him?
What winter, not of one continued storme?
Fortune is so farre from his Creditress,
That she owes him much; for in him, her lookes
Are louely, modest, and magnanimous,
Constant, victorious; and in his Achievements,
Her cheeke are drawne out with a vertuous rednesse,
Out of his eager spirit to victorie,
And chast contention to conuince with honor;
And (I haue heard) his spirits haue flowd so high,
In all his conflicts against any odds,
That (in his charge) his lips haue bled with feroce;
How seru'd he at your famous siege of *Dreux*?
Where the enemie (assur'd of victory)

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Drew out a bodie of feure thousand horse,
And twice sixe thousand foote, and like a Crescent,
Stood for the signall, you: (that shew'd your selfe)
A sound old souldiar thinking it not fit
To giue your enemy the odds, and honour
Of the first stroke, commanded *de la Guiche*,
To let ffe all his cannans, that did pierce
The adu. rse thickest squadrons, and had shot
Nine volcies ere the foe had once giuen fire:
Your troope was charg'd, and when your dukes old father,
Met with th' assailants, and their Groue of Reiters
Repulst so fiercely, made them turne their beards
And rallie vp themselves behind their troopes;
Fresh forces seeing your troopes a little seuerd,
From that part first assaulted, gaue it charge,
Which then, this duke made good, seconds his father,
Beates through and through the enemies greatest strength,
And breakes the rest like Billowes gainst a rock
And there the heart of that huge battaile broke.

Hen. The heart but now came on, in that stronge body,
Of twice two thousand horse, lead by *Du Maine*,
Whieh (if I woulde be glorious) I could say
I first encountred.

San. How did he take in, *Beaune* in view of that invincible army
Lead by the Lord great Constable of Castile?
Autun, and *Nuis*: in Burgundy chast away,
Vicount *Tauannes* troopes before Dijon,
And puts himselfe in, and there that was won.

Hen. If you woulde onely giue me leauue my Lord,
I would do right to him, yet must not giue.

San. A league from *Fountaine Francois*, when you sent him,
To make discouerie of the Castile army,
When he discern'd it was it (with wondrous wisdome
Ioinde to his spirit) he seem'd to make retreate,
But when they prest him, and the Barron of Lux,
Set on their charge so hotely, that his horse,
Was slaine, and he most dangerously engag'd,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Then turnd your braue duke head; and with such ease
As doth an Echo beate backe violent sounds,
With their owne forces) he, (as if a wall
Start sodainely before them) pasht them all
Flat, as the earth, and there was that field wonne.

Hen. Y'are all the field wide.

San. O, I aske you pardon, but as yet it is not
The strength of that field yet laie in his backe,
Vpon the foes part; and what is to come,
Of this your Marshal, now your worthie Duke
Is much beyond the rest: for now he sees
A sort of horse troopes, issue from the woods,
In a number neare twelue hunderd: and retyring
To tell you that the entire armie follow'd,
Before he could relate it, he was forc't
To turne head, and receiue the maine assaulte
Off fiue horse troopes: onely with twenty horse
The first he met, he tumbled to the earth,
And brake through all, not daunted with two wounds,
One on his head, another on his brest,
The bloud of which, drownd all the field in doubt:
Your maiesly himselfe was then engag'd,
Your powre not yet attiuld, and vp you brought
The little strength you had: a cloud of foes,
Ready to burst in stormes about your eares:
Three squadrons rusht against you, and the first,
You tooke so fiercely, that you beate their thoughts
Out of their bosoms, from the virged fight
The second, all amazed you ouerthrew, in iron floure,
The third disperst, with fiue and twenty horse
Left of the sourescore that perishe the chase:
And this braue conquest, now your Marshall seconds
Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse,
One after other he defeates them both,
And made them runne, like men whose heeles were tript,
And pitch their heads, in their great generalls lap:
And him he sets on, as he had bee shot a loring adling knafe
Out of a Cannan: beates him into route, as long as hee yee can
And

BYTRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And as a little brooke, being ouerrunne
With a black torrent; that beares all things downe,
His furie ouertakes, his famy back,
Loded with Cattaile, and with stackes of Corne,
And makes the miserable Plowman mourne;
So was *du Maine* surchardg'd, and so *Byron*
Flow'd ouer all his forces; euery drop
Of his lost bloud, bought with a worthy man;
And, onely with a hundred Gentlemen
He wonne the place, from fifteene hundred horse;

Hen. He won the place?

San. On my word, so tis sayd:

Hen. Fie you haue beene extremely misinform'd.

San. I onely tell your highnesse what I heard,
I was not there; and though I haue beene rude,
With wonder of his yallor, and presum'd,
To keepe his merit in his full carire,
Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder;
Pardon my fault, since twas t' extoll your seruant;
But, is it not most true, that twixt yee both,
So few achiu'd, the conquest of so many?

Henr. It is a truth, must make me euer thankfull,
But not performd by him, was not I ther's to follow you? of
Commanded him, and in the maine assault,
Made him but second?

San. Hee's the capitall souldier, *that* is to say
That liues this day in holy Christendome, *that* is to say
Except your highnesse; alwaies except *Plato*.

Hen. We must not giue to one, to take from many,
For (not to praise our countymen) here seru'd,
The Generall *My Lor. Norris*, sent from England:
As great a captaine as the world affords:
One fit to leade, and fight for Christendome;
Of more experience; and of stronger braine;
As valiant for abiditg; In Command,
On any sodaine; vpon any ground;
And in the forme of all occasions;
As ready, and as profitably, dauntless;

And,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And heare was then another; Collonell *Williams*,
A worthy Captaine; and more like the Duke,
Because he was lesse temperate then the Generall;
And being familliar with the man you praise,
(Because he knew him haughty and incapable,
Of all comparison) would compare with him,
And hold his swelling valour to the marke,
Justice had set in him, and not his will:
And as in open vessells filld with water,
And on mens shoulders borne, they put treene cuppes,
To keepe the wild and slippery element,
From washing ouer: follow all his Swayes
And tickle aptnes to exceed his bounds,
And at the Brym containe him: so this knight,
Swum in *Byron*, and held him, but to right.
But leaue these hot comparisions, hee's mine owne,
And then what I possesse, Ile more be knowne,

Sax. All this shall to the duke, I fisht for this.

Exeunt.

FINIS. Actus Secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCAENA 1.

Enter La Fin, Byron following vnseene.

Laff. A fained passion in his hearing now,
(Which he thinkes I perceue not) making conscience,
Of the reuolt that he hath vrdgd to me,
Which now he meanes to prosecute would sound,
How deepe he stands affected with that scruple.
As when the Moone hath comforted the Night,
And set the world in siluer of her light,
The Planets, Asterisms and whole state of Heauen,
In beames of gold descending; all the windes,
Bound vp in caues, chargd not to driue abrode,
Their cloudy heads; an vniuersall peace,
Proclaimd in scilence of the quiet earth.
Soone as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
Stormes and cloudes mixing; sodainely put oue.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

The eyes of all those glories: The creation,
Turnd into *Chaos*, and we then desire,
For all our *ioye* of life, the death of sleepe;
So when the glories of our liues, mens loues,
Cleere consciences, our fames, and loyalties,
That did vs worthy comfort, are eclipsd,
Griefe and disgrace inuade vs; and for all,
Our night of life besides, our Miserie craues,
Darke earth would ope and hide vs in our graues,

Byr. How Strange is this?

Laff. What? did your highnesse heare?

Byr. Both heard and wonderd, that your wit and spirit,
And profit in experience of the slaueries,
Impos'd on vs; in those mere politique termes,
Of loue, fame, loyalty, can be carried vp,
To such a height of ignorant conscience;
Of cowerdise, and dissolution,
In all the free-borne powers of royll man.
You that haue made way through all the guards,
Of Ielouse State; and seen on both your sides,
The pikes points chardging heauen to let you passe,
Will you, (in flying with a Scrupulouse wing,
Aboue those pikes to heauen-ward) fall on them?
This is like men, that (spirited with wine,)
Passe dangerous places safe; and die for feare,
With onely thought of them, being simply sober;
We must (in passing to our wished ends,
Through things calld good and bad) be like the ayre,
That euenly interposd betwixt the seas,
And the opposed Element of fire;
At either toucheth, but pertakes with neither;
Is neither hot, nor cold, but with a sleight.
And harmelesse temper mixt of both th' exstreames;

Laff. Tis shrode.

Byr. There is no truth of any good
To be desernd on earth: and by conuersion,
Nought therefore simply bad: But as the stuffe,
Prepared for *Arras* pictures, is no Picture,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Till it be formd, and man hath cast the beames,
Of his imaginouse fancie through it,
In forming antient Kings and conquerors,
As he conceiues they look't, and were attirde,
Though they were nothing so: so all things here,
Haue all their price set downe, from mens concepts,
Which make all terms and actions, good, or bad,
And are but pliant, and wel-coloured threads,
Put into fained images of truth:
To which, to yeeld, and kneele, as truth pure kings,
That puld vs downe with cleere truth of their Ghospell,
Were Superstition to be hift to hell.

Laff. Beleeue it, this is reason;

Byr. Tis the faith,
Of reason and of wisdome.

Laff. You perswade,
As if you could create: what man can shunne,
The serches, and compressions of your graces.

Byr. We must haue these lures when we hawke for friends,
And wind about them like a subtle Riuier,
That (seeming onely to runne on his course)
Doth serch yet, as he runnes; and still finds out,
The easiest parts of entry on the shore;
Glyding so slyly by, as scarce it toucht,
Yet still eates some thing in it: so must those,
That haue large fields, and currants to dispose.
Come, let vs ioyue our streames, we must runne far.
And haue but little time: The duke of Sauoy,
Is shortly to be gone, and I must needs,
Make you well knowne to him,

Laff. But hath your highnes,
Some enterprise of value ioynd with him?

Byr. With him and greater persons?

Laff. I will creepe.

Vpon my bosome in your Princely seruice,
Vouch-safe to make me knowne. I heare there lies not,
So kind, so bountifull, and wise a Prince,
But in your owne excepted excellencie.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Byr. He shall both know, and loue you : are you mine?

Laff. I take the honor of it, on my knee,
And hope to quite it with your Maiesty. Exit.

Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochet Breton.

Sau. *L^a Fin*, is in the right ; and will obtaine;
He draweth with his weight; and like a plummet
That swaies a dore, with falling of, pulis after,

Ron. Thus will *Laffin* be brought a Stranger to you,
By him he leads ; he conquers that is conquerd,
Thats sought, as hard to winne, that sues to be wonne.

Sau. But is my Painter warnd to take his picture.
When he shall see me, and present *Laffin*?

Roch. He is (my Lord) and (as your highnesse willd).
All we will preffe about him, and admire,
The royall promise of his rare aspe^tt,
As if he heard not.

Sau. Twill enflame him,
Such trickes the Arch-duke vse to extoll his greatnes,
Which complements though plaine men hold absurd,
And a meere remedy for desire of Greatnesse.
Yet great men vse them ; as they eate Potatoes,
High Coollises, and potions to excite
The lust of their ambition : and this Duke;
You know is noted in his naturall garb
Extreamely glorious ; who will therefore bring
An appetite expecting such a baite;
He comes, go instantly, and fetch the Painter.

Enter Byron, *L^a Fin*.

Byr. All honor to your heighnesse,

Sau. Tis most true.

All honours flow to me, in you their Ocean;
As welcomie worthyest duke, as if my marquisate,
Were circl'd with you in these amorous armes;

Byr. I sorrow Sir I could not bring it with me,

That

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

That I might so supply the fruitelesse complement,
Of onely visiting your excellencie,
With which the king now sends me t' entertaine you,
Which notwithstanding doth confer this good,
That it hath giuen me some small time to shew,
My gratitudo for the many secret bounties,
I haue (by this your Lord Ambassador)
Felt from your heighnesse and in short, t' assure you,
That all my most deserts are at your seruice.

Sau. Had the king sent me by you halfe his kingdome,
It were not halfe so welcom;

Byr. For defect.

Of what souer in my selfe, (my Lord,) I
I here commend to your most Princely Service
This honord friend of mine;

Sau. Your name I pray you Sir.

Laff. Laffin, my Lord.

Sau. Laffin? Is this the man,
That you so recommended to my Loue?

Ron. The same my Lord,

Sau. Y'are next my Lord the duke,
The most desird of all men. O my Lord,
The King and I, haue had a mighty conflict,
About your conflicts, and your matchles worth,
In mil. tary vertues; which I put
In Ballance with the centinent of France,
In all the peace and safy it enioyes.
And made euen weight with all he could put in
Of all mens else; and of their owne deserts,

Byr. Of all mens else? would he weigh other mens,
With my deseruings.

Sau. I vpon my life,
The English Generall, the Mylor' Norris,
That seru'd amongst you here, he paralleld
With you, at all parts, and in some preferd him,
And Collonell *Williams* (a Welch Collonell)
He made a man, that at your most containd you:
Which the Welch Herrald of their praise, the Cuckoo.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Would scarce haue put, in his monology,
In iest, and said with reuerence to his merits,
Byr. With reuerence? Reuerence skornes him: by the spoyle,
Of all her Merits in me, he shali rue it;
Did cuer *Curtian* Gullffe play such a part?
Had *Curtius* beene so vsed, if he had brook't,
That rauenous whirlepoole, pourd his solide spirrits,
Through earth dissolued sinews, stopt her veines,
And rose with saued Rome, vpon his backe,
As I swum pooles of fire, and Gullfs of brasse,
To saue my country? thrust this venturous arme,
Beneath her ruines; tooke her on my necke,
And set her safe on her appeased shore?
And opes the king, a fouler bog then this,
In his so rotten bosome, to deuoure
Him that deuoured, what else had swalloed him
In a detra~~tion~~, so with spight embrewed,
And drowne such good in such ingratitude?
My spirrit as yet, but stooping to his rest,
Shines hotly in him, as the Sunne in clowds,
Purpled, and made proud with a peacefull Euene:
But when I throughly set to him; his cheeke,
Will (like those clouds) forgoe their colour quite,
And his whole blaze, smoke into endles night,
San. Nay nay, we must haue no such gall my Lord,
O'reflow our friendly liuers: my relation,
Only deliuers my enflamed zeale
To your religious merits; which me thinkes,
Should make your highnes canoniz'd, a Saint.
Byr. What had his armes beene, without my arme,
That with his motion, made the whole field moue?
And this held vp, we still had victory.
When ouer charg'd with number, his few friends,
Retir'd amazed, I set them on assurd,
And what rude ruine seal'd on I confirmed;
When I left leading, all his army reeld,
One fell on other soule, and as the Cyclop
That hauing lost his eye, strooke euery way,

BYTRONS CONSPIRACIE.

His blowes directed to no certaine scope;
Or as the soule departed from the body,
The body wants conerence in his parts,
Can not consist, but seuer, and dissolute;
So I remou'd once, all his armes shooke,
Panted, and fainted, and were euer flying,
Like wandring pulses spent through bodies dying,

Sau. It cannot be denied, tis all so true,
That what seemes arogance, is desert in you,

Byr. What monstrous humors feed a Princes blood,
Being bad to good men, and to bad men good?

Sau. Well let these contradictions passe (my lord,)
Till they be reconcil'd, or put in forme,
By power giuen to your will, and you present,
The fashion of a prefect gouernment;
In meane space but a word, we haue small time,
To spend in priuate, which I wish may be
With all aduantage taken; Lord Laffin.

Ron. Is't not a face of excellent presentment,
Though not so amorous with pure white, and red,
Yet is the whole proportion singular;

Roch. That euer I beheld,

Bret. It hath good lines,
And tracts drawne throughit: The purfle, rare,

Ron. I heard the famous and right learned Earle,
And Archbishop of Lions Peirse Picac,

Who was reported to haue wondrouse Judgment

In mens euent, and natures, by their lookes:

(Vpon his death bed, visited by this duke)

He told his sister, when his grace was gon,

That he had neuer yet obserud a face,

Of worse presage then this: and I will sweare,

That (something scene in Phisiognomy)

I do not find in all the rules it giues

One slendrest blemish tending to mishap,

But (on the opposite part) as we may see,

On trees late blossemed, when all frosts are past,

How they are taken, and what wil be fruit:

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

So, on this tree of Scepters, I discerne
How it is laden with apparances,
Rules answering Rules ; and glances, crownd with glances ;

He snatches away the picture.

Byr. What, does he take my picture ?

Sau. I my Lord.

Byr. Your Highnesse will excuse me ; I will giue you
My likenesse put in Statue, not in picture ;
And by a Statuary of mine owne,
That can in Brasse expresse the witte of man,
And in his forme, make all men see his vertues :
Others that with much strictnesse imitate,
The some-thing stooping carriage of my neck,
The voluble, and milde radiance of mine eyes,
Neuer obserue my Masculine aspect,
And Lyon-like instinct, it shaddoweth :
Which Enuie cannot say, is flatterie :
And I will haue my Image promist you,
Cut in such matter, it shall euer last ;
Where it shall stand, fixt with eternall rootes,
And with a most vnmooued gratitie ;
For I will haue the famous mountaine *Oros*,
That lookes out of the Dutchy where I gouerne,
(Into your highnesse Dukedom) first made yours,
And then with such inimitable art
Exprest and handled ; chieflie from the place
Where most conspicuously, he shewes his face,
That though it keepe the true forme of that hill
In all his longitudes, and latitudes,
His height, his distances, and full proportion,
Yet shall it cleerely beare my counterfaite,
Both in my face and all my lineaments :
And euery man shall say, this is *Byron*.
Within my left hand, I will hold a Cittie,
Which is the Cittie *Amiens* ; at whose siedge
I seru'd so memorably ; from my right,
Ile powre an endlesse flood, into a Sea
Raging beneath me ; which shall intimate

My

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

My ceaselsse seruice, drunke vp by the King
As th' Ocean drinkes vp riuers, and makes all
Beare his proude title; *Iuory, Brasse and Gouerde,*
That theues may purchase; and be bought and sould,
Shall not be vsde about me; lasting worth
Shall onely set the duke of *Byron* forth;

Sax. O that your statuary could expresse you,
With any nerenesse to your owne instructions;
That statue would I prisē past all the iewells
Within my cabinet of *Beatrice*,
The memorie of my Grandame Portugall;
Most roiall duke: we can not longe endure
To be thus priuate, let vs then conclude,
With this great resolution: that your wisedome,
Will not forget to cast a pleasing vaile
Ouer your anger; that may hide each glance,
Of any notice taken of your wronge,
And shew your self the more obsequious.
Tis but the virtue of a little patience,
There are so oft attempts made gainst his person,
That sometimes they may speede, for they are paltes
That spring the more for cutting, and at last
Will cast their wished shadow; marke ere long,

Enter Nemours Soiffon.

See who comes here my Lord, as now no more,
Now must we turne our streeame another way;
My Lord, I humbly thanke his maiesty,
That he would grace my idle time spent here
With entertainement of your princely person;
VVhich, worthely, he keepes for his owne bosome.
My Lord, the duke *Nemours*? and Count *Soiffon*?
Your honours haue beene bountifullly done me
In often visitation: let me pray you,
To see some iewells now, and helpe my choice:
In making vp a present for the King.

Nem. Your highnesse shall much grace vs.

Sax. I am doubtfull
That I haue much incenſt the duke *Byron*,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

With praising the Kings worthinesse in armes
So much past all men.

Soif. He deserues it,highly. *Exit.* *manet Byr:Laffin.*

Byr. What wrongs are these,laid on me by the King,
To equall others worths in warre,with mine;
Endure this, and be turnd into his Moile
To beare his sumptuouse:honord friend be true,
And we will turne these torrentts, hence. *The King.* *Exit Laff.*

Enter Henry,Espe: Vitry,Janin.

Hen. Why suffer you that ill aboding vermine,
To breedes so neere your bosome? bee assurde,
His hants are omious,not the throtes of Rauens,
Spent on infected house; houles of dogges,
When no sound stirres, at mid-night; apparitions,
And strokes of spirits,clad in black:mens shapes:
Or ougly womens:the aduerte decrees
Of constellations,not securitie,
In vicious peace,are surer fatall vshers
Offemall mischieses, and mortallities,
Then this prodigious feend is,where he fawnes:
Lafiend, and not *Laffin*,he should be cald.

Byr. Be what he will,men in themselues entire,
March safe with naked feete, on coles of fire:
I build not outward, nor depend on proppes,
Nor chuse my consoit by the comynge care:
Nor by the Moone-shine, in the grace of Kings:
So rare are true deseruers, you'd or knowne,
That men lou'd vulgarely, are euer none:
Nor men grac't seruilely, for being spots.
In Princes traines; though borne euen with their crownes,
The Stalion powre hath such a beosome taile,
That it sweepes all from justice, and such filth:
He beares out in it, that men mere exempt,
Are merely cleereft; men will shortly buie
Friends from the prison or the pillorie,
Rather then honors markets,I feare none,

But

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

But foule Ingratitude, and Detraction,
In all the brood of villanie.

Hen. No? not treason?

Be circumspect, for to a credulous eyc,
He comes inuisible, vail'd with flatterie,
And flaterers looke like friends, as Woolues, like Dogges.

And as a glorious Poeme fronted well
With many a goodly Herralde of his praise,
So farre from hate of praises to his face,
That he praiers men to praise him, and they ride
Before, with trumpets in their mouthes, proclayning
Life to the holie furie of his lines:

All drawne, as if with one eye he had leerd,
On his lou'd hand, and led it by a rule;
That his plumes onely Imp the Muses wings,
He sleepes with them, his head is napt with baies,
His lips breake out with *Nectar*, his tunde feete
Are of the great last, the perpetuall motion,
And he pufft with their empty breath beleeues
Full merit, eas'd those passions of winde,
Which yet serue, but to praise, and cannot merit,
And so his furie in their ayre expires:

So *de Laffin*, and such corrupted Heralds,
Hirde to encorage, and to glorifie
May force what breath they will into their cheekes,
Fitter to blow vp bladders, then full men:

Yet may puff men to, with perswasions
That they are Gods in worth; and may rise Kings
With treading on their noyses; yet the worthiest,
From onely his owne worth receiues his spirit

And right is worthy bound to any merit;
Which right, shall you haue euer; leaue him then,
He followes none but markt, and wretched men;
And now for England you shall goe my lord,
Our Lord Ambassador to that matchleſſe Queene;
You neuer had a voyage of such pleasure
Honor, and worthy obiects: Ther's a Queene
Where nature keepes her state, and state her Court,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Wisome her studie, Comtinence her fort,
Where Magnanimitie, Humanitie:
Firminesse in counsaile and integritie:
Grace to her porest subiects: Maiestie
To awe the greatest, haue respects diuine,
And in her each part, all the vertues shine. *Exit Hen. & Sam.*

Byr. Inioy your will a while, I may haue mine. *manet Byron,*
VVherefore (before I part to this ambassage)
Ile be resolu'd by a Magician
That dwells hereby, to whome ile goe disguisde,
And shew him my births figure, set before:
By one of his profession, of the which
Ile craue his iudgement, fayning I am sent
From some great personage, whose natiuitie,
He wisheth should be censurd by his skill.
But on go my plots, be it good or ill. *Exit.*

Enter La Brosse.

This houre by all rules of Astrologie,
Is dangerous to my person, if not deadly.
How haples is our knowledge to fore-tel
And not be able to preuent a mischiefe,
O the strange difference twixt vs and the stars:
They worke with inclynations stronge and fatall
And nothing know; and we know all there working.
And nought can do, or nothing can preuent?
Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledge wretched:
The heauenly powers enuy what they Enioyne:
VVe are commanded t'imitate there natures,
In making all our ends eternitie:
And in that imitation we are plagued,
And worsse then they esteemd, that haue no soules,
But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire;
As they do that are ignorant of arts,
By drowning there eternall parts in fense,
And sensuall affectations: while wee liue
Our good parts take away, the more they giue.

Byron

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Byron solus disguizd like a Carrier of letters.

Byr. The forts that fauorites hold in Princes hearts,
In common subiects loues ; and their owne strengths
Are not so sure, and vnpugnable,
But that the more they are presum'd vpon,
The more they faile ; dayly and hourly proose,
Tels vs prosperity is at highest degree
The founte and handle of calamitie :
Like dust before a whirle-winde those men flie,
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lye :
And being great (like trees that broadest sproyte)
Their owne top-heauy state grubs vp their roote.
These apprehensions startle all my powers,
And arme them with suspition gainst them-selues,
In my late projects ; I haue cast my selfe
Into the armes of others ; and will see
If they will let me fall ; or tosse me vp
Into th'affected compasse of a throne.
God saue you sir.

Labroff. Y'are welcome friend ; what would you ?

Byr. I would entreate you, for some crownes I bring,
To giue your iudgement of this figure cast.
To know by his nativitie there seene ;
What sort of end the person shall endure,
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

Labroff. Ile herein do my best, in your desire ;
The man is raisd out of a good descent,
And nothing oulder then your selfe I thinke ;
Is it not you ?

Byr. I will not tell you that :
But tell me on what end he shall arriue.

Labroff. My sonne, I see, that he whose end is cast
In this set figure, is of Noble parts,
And by his militarie valure raisde,
To princely honors ; and may be a king,
But that I see a *Caput Algoi* here,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

That hinders it I feare.

Byr. A Caput *Algol*?

What's that I pray?

Labross. Forbeare to aske me, sonne,
You bid me speake, what feare bids me conceale.

Byr. You haue no cause to feare, and therefore speake.

Labross. Youle rather wish you had beene ignorant,
Then be instructed in a thing so ill.

Byr. Ignorance is an idle falue for ill,
And therefore do not vrge me to enforce,
What I would freely know: for by the skill
Showne in thy aged hayres, ile lay thy braine
Here scattered at my feete, and seeke in that,
What safely thou must vter with thy tongue,
If thou deny it.

Labross. Will you not allow me
To hold my peace? what lesse can I desire?
If not, be pleasd with my constrained speech.

Byr. Was euer man yet punisht for expressing
What he was chargde? be free, and speake the wurst.

Labross. Then briefly this; the man hath lately done
An action that will make him loose his head.

Byr. Curst be thy throte & soule, Rauen, Shriech-owle, hag.

Labross. O hold, for heauens sake hold.

Byr. Hold on, I will,
Vault, and contractor of all horrid sounds,
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell,
Of my confusions; of the shamefull end
Of all my seruices; witch, fiend, accurst
For euer be the poison of thy tongue,
And let the black fume of thy venomd breath,
Infect the ayre, shinke heauen, put out the starres,
And raine so fell and blew a plague on earth,
That all the world may falter with my fall.

Labross. Pitty my age, my Lord, I doo! I doo! I doo!

Byr. Out prodigie, I doo! I doo! I doo!

Remedy of pitty, mine of flint, I doo! I doo! I doo!
Whence with my nailes and feete, ile digge enough,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Horror, and sauadge cruelty, to build
Temples to Massacre: dam of deuils take thee,
Hadst thou no better end to crowne my parts.
The Buls of *Colchos*, nor his triple neck,
That howles out Earthquakes : the most mortall vapors,
That euer stifted and strooke dead the fowles,
That flew at neuer such a sightly pitch,
Could not haue burnt my bloud so.

Labroſſ. I told truth,
And could haue flatterd you.

Byr. O that thou hadſt ;
Would I had giuen thee twenty thousand crownes
That thou hadſt flatterd me : there's no ioy on earth,
Neuer ſo rationall, ſo pure, and holy,
But is a Iefter, Parasite, a Whore,
In the moſt worthy parts, with which they please,
A drunkennesſe of ſoule; and a diſease.

Labroſſ. I knew you not.

Byr. Peace, dog of *Pluto*, peace;
Thou knewſt my end to come, not me here present :
Pox of your halting humane knowledges ;
O death ! how farre off haſt thou kild ? how ſoone
A man may know too much, though neuer nothing ?
Spight of the Starres, and all Astrologie,
I will not looſe my head : or if I do,
A hundred thouſand heads ſhall off before,
I am a nobler ſubſtance then the Starres,
And ſhall the baser ouer-rule the better ?
Or are they better, ſince they are the bigger ?
I haue a will, and faculties of choiſe,
To do, or not to do : and reaſon why,
I doe, or not doe this : the Starres haue none,
They know not why they ſhine, more then this Taper,
Nor how they worke, nor what : ille change my course,
Ille peece-meale pull, the frame of all my thoughts,
And caſt my will into another mould :
And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?
Your Plannets all, being vnderneath the earth,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

At my natiuitie: what can they doe ?
Malignant in aspects ? in bloudy houses ?
Wilde fire consume them ; one poore cup of wine,
More then I vse, that my weake braine will beare,
Shall make them drunke and reele out of their spheres,
For any certaine act they can enforce,
O that mine armes were wings, that I might flie,
And pluck out of their hearts, my destinie !
Ile weare those golden Spurres vpon my heeles,
And kick at fate ; be free all worthy spirits,
And stretch your selues, for greatnessse and for height:
Vntrusse your flaueries, you haue height enough,
Beneath this steepe heauen to vse all your reaches,
Tis too farre off, to let you, or respe&t you.
Giue me a spirit that on this lifes rough sea,
Louest' haue his sailes fild with a lustie winde,
Euen till his Sayle-yeards tremble ; his Masts crack,
And his rapt ship runne on her side so lowe
That she drinkes water, and her keele plowes ayre ;
There is no danger to a man, that knowes
What life and death is : there's not any law,
Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawfull
That he should stoope to any other lawe.
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to him-selfe is a law rationall. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCE. 1.

Enter D' Aumont, with Crequi.

The Duke of Byron is return'd from England,
And (as they say) was Princely entertainde,
Schoold by the matchlesse Queene there, who I heare
Spake most diuinely ; and would gladly heare,
Her speech reported.

Cre. I can serue your turne,
As one that speakes from others, not from her,
And thus it is reported at his parting,

Thus

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Hus Monsieur Du Byron you haue beheld,
Our Court proportion'd to our little kingdome,
In euery entertainment; yet our minde,
To do you all the rites of your repaire,
Is as vnbounded as the ample ayre.
What idle paines haue you bestowd to see
A poore ould woman? who in nothing liues
More, then in true affections, borne your king;
And in the perfect knowledge she hath learn'd,
Of his good knights, and seruants of your sort.
We thanke him that he keepes the memory
Of vs and all our kindnesse; but must say,
That it is onely kept; and not laid out
To such affectionate profit as we wish;
Being so much set on fire with his deserts,
That they consume vs; not to be restorde
By your presentment of him; but his person:
And we had thought, that he whose vertues flye
So beyond wonder, and the reach of thought,
Should check at eight houres saile, and his high spirit
That stoopes to feare, lesse then the Poles of heauen;
Should doubt an vnder billow of the Sea,
And (being a Sea) be sparing of his streames:
And I must blame all you that may aduise him;
That (hauing helpt him through all martiall dangers)
You let him stick, at the kinde rites of peace,
Considering all the forces I haue sent,
To set his martiall seas vp in firme walls,
On both his sides for him to passe at pleasure;
Did plainly open him a guarded way
And led in Nature to this friendly shore,
But here is nothing worth his personall sight,
Here are no walled Citties; for that Christall
Sheds with his light, his hardnesse, and his heighth:
About our thankfull person, and our Realme;
Whose onely ayde, we euer yet desirde;
And now I see, the helpe we sent to him,
Which should haue swum to him in our owne bloud,

BYTRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Had it beene needfull ; (our affections
Being more giuen to his good, then he himselfe)
Ends in the actuall right it did his state,
And ours is sleighted ; all our worth is made,
The common- stock, and banck ; from whence are seru'd
All mens occasions ; yet (thankes to heauen)
Their gratitudes are drawne drye ; not our bounties.
And you shall tell your King, that he neglects
Ould friends for new ; and sets his soothed Ease
Aboue his honor ; Marshals pelicie
In ranck before his iustice ; and his profit
Before his royalty : his humanitie gone,
To make me no repaiment of mine owne.

D'An. What answered the Duke ?

Cre. In this sort.

Your highnesse sweete speech hath no sharper end,
Then he would wish his life ; if he neglected,
The least grace you haue nam'd ; but to his wish,
Much powre is wanting : the greene rootes of warre,
Not yet so close cut vp, but he may dash
Against their relickes to his vtter ruine,
Without more neere eyes, fixt vpon his feete,
Then those that looke out of his countries soyle,
And this may well excuse his personall presence,
Which yet he oft hath long'd to set by yours :
That he might immitate the Maiestie,
Which so long peace hath practisde, and made full,
In your admir'd appearance ; to illustrate
And rectifie his habite in rude warre.
And his will to be here, must needs be great,
Since heauen hath thron'd so true a royltie here,
That he thinkes no king absolutely crownde,
Whose temples haue not stood beneath this skie,
And whose height is not hardned with these starres,
Whose influences for this altitude,
Distild, and wrought in with this temperate ayre,
And this diuision of the Element
Haue with your raigne, brought forth more worthy spirits,

For

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

For counsaile, valour, height of wit, and art,
Then any other region of the earth :
Or were brought forth to all your ancestors,
And as a cunning Orator, referues
His fairest similies, best-adorning figures,
Chiefe matter, and most mouing arguments.
For his conclusion ; and doth then supply
His ground-streames layd before, glides ouer them,
Makes his full depth seene through ; and so takes vp,
His audience in Aplawses past the clowds.
So in your gouernment, conclusive nature,
(Willing to end her Excellence in earth
When your foote shall be set vpon the starres)
Showes all her Soueraigne Beauties, Ornaments,
Vertues, and Raptures ; ouertakes her workes
In former Empires, makes them but your foyles,
Swels to her full Sea, and againe doth drowne
The world, in admiratiōn of your crowne.

D'An. He did her (at all parts) confessed right.

Cre. She tooke it yet, but as a part of Court-ship,
And sayd, he was the subtle Orator,
To whom he did too gloriously resemble,
Nature in her, and in her gouernment,
He said, he was no Orator, but a Souldier,
More then this ayre, in which you breath hath made me,
My studious loue, of your rare gouernment,
And simple truth, which is most eloquent,
Your Empire is so amply absolute,
That euen your Theaters show more comely rule,
True noblesse, royltie, and happiness
Then others courts : you make all state before
Vtterly obsolete ; all to come, twice sod.
And therefore doth my royall Soueraigne wish
Your yearcs may proue, as vitall, as your virtues,
That (standing on his Turrets this way turn'd,
Ordring and fixing his affaires by yours)
He may at last, on firme grounds, passe your Seas,
And see that Maiden-sea of Maiestie,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

In whose chaste armes, so many kingdome's lye.

D'An. When came she to her touch of his ambition?

Cre. In this speech following, which I thus remember.
If I hold any merit worth his presence,
Or any part of that, your Courtship giues me,
My subiects haue bestowd it; some in counsaile,
In action some, and in obedience all;
For none knowes, with such prooфе as you my Lord,
How much a subiect may renowne his Prince,
And how much Princes of their subiects hold;
In all the seruices that euer subiect
Did for his Soueraigne; he that best deseru'd
Must (in comparison) except, *Byron*;
And to winne this prise cleere; without the maimes
Commonly giuen men by ambition,
When all their parts lye open to his view,
Showes continence, past their other excellencye,
But for a subiect to affect a kingdome,
Is like the Cammell, that of *Ione* begd hornes,
And such mad-hungrie men, as well may eate,
Hote coles of fire, to feede their naturall heate;
For, to aspire to competence with your king
What subiect is so grose, and Gyantly?
He hauing now a *Daulphine* borne to him,
Whose birth, ten dayes before, was dreadfully
Vsherd with Earth-quakes, in most parts of *Europe*,
And that giues all men, caule enough to feare
All thought of competition with him.
Commend vs good my Lord, and tell our Brother
How much we ioy, in that his royall issue,
And in what prayers, we raise our heart to heauen,
That in more terror to his foes, and wonder
He may drinke Earthquakes, and deuoure the thunder,
So we admire your valure, and your vertues,
And euer will contend, to winne their honor.
Then spake she to *Crequie*, and Prince *D'Auergne*,
And gaue all gracious farewels; when *Byron*
Was thus encountred by a Councillor

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Of great and eminent name, and matchlesse merit :
I thinke(my Lord) your princely *Daulphin* beares
Arion in his Cradle, through your kingdome,
In the sweete Musique ioy strikes from his birth.
He answerd; and good right ; the cause commands it.
But (said the other) had we a fist *Henry*,
To claime his ould right : and one man to friend,
Whom you well know my Lord, that for his friendship
Were promist the Vice-royaltie of *France*,
We wou'd not doubt of conquest, in despight
Of all thosse windy Earth-quakes. He replyed ;
Treason was neuer guide to English conquests,
And therefore that doubt shall not fright our *Daulphine* ;
Nor wou'd I be the friend to such a foe,
For all the royalties in Christendome.
Fix there your foote (sayd he) I onely giue
False fire, and wou'd be lothe to shoote you of.
He that winnes Empire with the losse of faith,
Out-buies it ; and will banck-route ; you haue layde
A braue foundation, by the hand of victorie :
Put not the roose to fortune, foolish statuaries,
That vnder little Saints suppose, great bases
Make lesse, to fence, the Saints ; and so where fortune,
Aduanceth vile mindes, to states great and noble,
She much more exposeth them to shame,
Not able to make good, and fill their bases,
With a conformed structure ; I haue found,
(Thankes to the blesser of my searche.) that counsailes,
Held to the lyne of Iustice ; still produce,
The surest states, and greatest, being sure,
Without which fit assurance, in the greatest,
As you may see a mighty promontorie
More digd and vnder-eaten, then may warrant,
A safe supportance, to his hanging browes,
All passengers auoide him, shunne all ground
That lyes within his shadow, and beare still
A flying eye vpon him, so great men
Corrupted in their ground, and building out.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Too swelling fronts, for their foundations;
When most they should be propt, are most forsaken,
And men will rather thrust into the stormes
Of better grounded States, then take a shelter
Beneath their ruinous, and fearefull weight;
Yet they, so ouersee, their faultie bases,
That they remaine securer in conceipt:
And that securitie, doth worse presage
Their nere destructions, then their eaten grounds;
And therefore heauen it selfe is made to vs
A perfect Hieroglyphick to expresse,
The Idlenesse of such securitie,
And the graue labour, of a wise distrust,
In both sorts of the all-enclyng starres;
Where all men note this difference in their shyning,
As plaine as they distinguish either hand;
The fixt starres mauer, and the erring, stand.

D'Aum. How tooke he this so worthy admonition?

Cre. Grauely applied (said he) and like the man,
Whome all the world saies, ouerrules the starres;
Which are diuine bookest to vs; and are read
By vnderstanders onely, the true obiects,
And chiefe companions of the truest men;
And (though I need it not) I thanke your counsaile,
That neuer yet was idle, But spherelike,
Still mooues about, and is the continent
To this blest Ile.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 1.

Enter Byron, D'Auergne, Laffin.

Byr. The Circkle of this ambassie is closde,
For which I long haue long'd, for mine owne ends;
To see my faithfull, and leauue courtly friends,
To whom I came (me thought) with such a spirit,
As you haue seene, a lusty courser shewe,
That hath beene longe time at his manger tied;
High fead, alone, and when (his headstall broken)

Hee

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Hee runnes his prison, like a trumpet neighs,
Cuts ayre, in high curuets, and shakes his head:
(With wanton stopings, twixt his forelegs) mocking
The heauy center; spreds his flying crest,
Like to an Ensigne, hedge, and ditches leaping,
Till in the fresh meate, at his naturall foode
He sees free fellowes, and hath met them free:
And now (good friend) I would be faine inform'd,
What our right Princely Lord, the duke of Sanoy
Hath thought on, to employ my comming home.

Laf. To try the Kings trust in you, and withall,
How hot he trailes on our conspiracie:
He first would haue you, begge the gouernment,
Of the important Citadell of Bourg:
Or to place in it, any you shall name:
VVhich wilbe wondrous fit, to march before,
His other purposes; and is a fort
Hee rates, in loue, aboue his patrimonie;
To make which fortresse worthie of your suite:
He vowes (if you obtaine it) to bestowe
His third faire daughter, on your excellency,
And hopes the King will not deny it you.

Byr. Denie it me? deny me such a suite?
VVho will he grant, if he deny it me.

Laf. He le finde some politique shift to do't, I feare.
Bir. VVhat shift? or what euasion can he finde,
VVhat one patch is there in all policies shop,
(That botcher vp of Kingdomes) that can mend
The brack betwixt vs, any way denying.

D'An. Thats at your perill:

Byr. Come, he dares not do't.

D'An. Dares not? presume not so; you know (good duke)
That all things hee thinkes fit to do, he dares.

Byr. By heauen I wonder at you, I will aske it,
As sternely, and secure of all repulse.
As th' antient Persians did when they implorde,
Their idoll fire to grant them any boone;
With which they would descend into a flood,

And

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And threaten there to quench it, if they faild,
Of that they ask't it:

Laffi. Said like your Kings King;
Cold hath no act in depth, nor are suites wrought
(Of any high price) that are coldly sought:
Ile hast, and with your courage, comfort *Sauoy.* *Exit Laffi.*

D'An. I am your friend (my Lord) and will deserue
That name, with following any course you take;
Yet (for your owne sake) I could wish your spirit
Would let you spare all broade termes of the King,
Or, on my life you will at last repent it:

Byr. What can he doe?

D'An. All that you can not feare.

Byr. You feare too much, be by, when next I see him,
And see how I will vrge him in this suite,
He comes, marke you, that thinke
He will not grant it.

Enter Henry, Esp. Soiss. Ia.

I am become a suiter to your highnesse.

Hen. For what, my Lord, tis like you shall obtaine.

Byr. I do not much doubt that; my seruices,
I hope haue more strength in your good conceite
Then to receiue repulse, in such requests.

Hen. What is it?

Byr. That you would bestowe on one whom I shall name,
The keeping of the Citadell of Bourg,

Hen. Excuse me sir, I must not grant you that.

Byr. Not grant me this sute?

Hen. It is not fit I should;
You are my gouernor in Burgundy,
And Prouince gouernors, that command in chiefe,
Ought not to haue the charge of fortresses;
Besides, it is the chiefe key of my kingdome,
That opens towards Italie, and mast therefore,
Be giuen to one that hath imediatly
Dependance on vs.

Byr.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Byr: These are wondrous reasons,
Is not a man depending on his merits
As fit to haue the charge of such a key
As one that merely hangs vpon your humors?

Hen: Do not enforſe your merits ſo your ſelf;
It takes away their luſter, and reward.

Byr: But you will grant my ſuite?

Hen: I ſweare I cannot
Keeping the credit of my braine and place.

Byr: Will you deny me then?

Hen: I am inforſt;
I haue no power, more then your ſelfe in things
That are beyond my reaſon.

Byr: Then my ſelfe?
That's a ſtrange ſleight in your comparison;
Am I become th' example of ſuch men
As haue leſt power? Such a diſinitiue?
I was comparatiue in the better ſort;
And ſuch a King as you, would ſay I cannot,
Do ſuch; or ſuch a thing; were I as great
In power as he; even that indeſiue he,
Expreſt me full: This Moone is ſtrangely chang'd;

Hen: How can I helpe it? would you haue a King
That hath a white beard; haue ſo greene a braine?

Byr: A plague of braine; what doth this touch your braine?
You muſt giue me more reaſon or I ſweare

Hen: ſweare; what do you ſweare?

Byr: I ſweare you wrong me,
And deale not like a King, to iest, and ſleight,
A man that you ſhould curiouſly reward;
Tell me of your gray beard? it is not gray
With care to recompence me, who eaſ'd your care.

Hen: You haue beene recompenc't, from head to foote.

Byr: With a diſtructed dukedom: Take your dukedom
Beſtow'd on me againe; It was not giuen
For any loue, but feare, and force of shame;

Hen: Yet twas your honor; which if you reſpect not,
Why ſeeke you this Adiotion?

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Byrn: Since this honour,
Would shew you lou'd me to, in trusting me,
Without which loue, and trust; honor is shame;
A very Pageant, and a propertie:
Honor, with all his Adiuncts, I deserue,
And you quit my deserts, with your gray beard.

Hen: Since you expostulate the matter so;
I tell you plaine; Another reason is
Why I am mou'd to make you this deniali
That I suspect you to haue had intelligence
With my vowd enemies.

Byr: Miserie of vertue,
Ill is made good, with worse? This reason poures
Poyson, for Balme, into the wound you made;
You make me madde, and rob me of my soule,
To take away my try'd loue, and my Truth;
Which of my labors, which of all my woundes,
Which ouerthrow, which Battayle wonne for you,
Breedes this suspition? Can the blood of faith,
(Lost in all these to finde it proose, and strength)
Beget disloyalty? all my raine is falne,
Into the horse fayre; springing pooles and myre;
And not in thankfull grounds, or fields of fruite;
Fall then before vs, O thou flaming Christall,
That art the vncorrupted Register
Of all mens merits: And remonstrate heere,
The fights, the dangers, the affrights and horrors,
Whence I haue rscu'd this vnthankefull King:
And shew (commixt with them) the ioyes, the glories
Of his state then: Then his kind thoughts of me:
Then my deseruings: Now my infamie:
But I will be mine owne King: I will see,
That all your Chronicles be fild with me,
That none but I, and my renowned Syre
Besaid to winne the memorable fieldes.
Of Argues and Deepe: and none but we of all
Kept you from dying there, in an Hospitall;
None but my selfe, that wonne the day at Dresse:
A day of holy name, and needes, no night:

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE

Nor none but I at Fountaine Francois burst,
The heart strings of the leaguers; I alone,
Tooke Amiens in these armes, and held her fast,
In spight of all the Pitchy fires she cast,
And clowds of bulletts pourd vpon my brest,
Till she shewd yours; and tooke her naturall forme,
Onely my selfe(married to victory)
Did people Artois, Douay, Picardie,
Bethune, and Saint Pauls, Bapaume, and Courcelles,
With her triumphant issue;

Hen. Ha ha ha,

Exit,

Byron drawing and is held by D' An.

D' An. O hold my Lord; for my sake, mighty Spirrit.

Exit.

Enter Byron Dan following unseene.

Byr Respect, Reuendge, slaughter, repaie for laughter,
Whats graue in Earth, what awfull? what abhord?
If my rage be ridiculous? I will make it,
The law and rule of all things serious.
So long as such as he
Are suffered, soothed and wrest all right, to safty.
So long is mischiefe gathering in aslacres,
For their curst kingdomes; which I will preuent,
Laughter? Ile fright it from him, farre as he,
Hath cast irreuocable shame; which euer,
Being found is lost, and lost returneth neuer;
Should Kings cast of their bounties, with their dangers?
He that can warme at fires, where vertue burns,
Hunt pleasure through her torment; nothing feeble,
Of all his subiects suffer; but (long hid)
In wants, and miseries, and having past
Through all the grauest shapes, of worth and honor,
(For all Heroique fashions to be learned,
By those hard lessons) shew an antique vizard,
Who would not wish him rather hewd to nothing,
Then left so monstrous? slight my seruices?

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Drowne the dead noises of my sword; in laughter?
My blowes, as but the passages of shadowes,
Ouer the highest and most barraine hills,
And vse me, like, no man; but as he tooke me
Into a desart, gasht with all my wounds,
Sustaind for him, and buried me in flies;
Forth vengeance then, and open wounds in him
Shall let in Spaine, and Sauoy.

Offers to draw and D' Au: againe holds him.

D' Au: O my Lord,
This is to large a licence giuen your furie;
Giue time to it, what reason, sodainely,
Can not extend, respite doth oft supplie.

Byr. While respite, holds reuenge, the wrong redoubles,
And so the shame of sufferance, it torments me,
To thinke what I endure, at his shrunke hands,
That skornes the guift, of one pore fort to me:
That haue subdu'd for him; O iniurie,
Forts, Citties, Countries, I, and yet my furie.

Exeunt.

Hen. Byron?

D' Au. My Lord? the King calls,
Hen. Turne I pray,
How now? from whence flow these distracted faces?
From what attempt returne they? as disclayning,
Their late *Heroique* bearer? what, a pistall?
Why, good my Lord, can mirth make you so wrathfull?

Byr. Mirth? twas mockerie, a contempt; a scandall
To my renowne for euer: a repulse,
As miserably cold, as Stygian water,
That from sincere earth-issues, and doth break
The strongest vessels, not to be containde,
But in the tough hoofe of a patient Asse.

Hen. My Lord, your iudgement is not competent,
In this dissention, I may say of you;
As Fame saies of the antient Eleans,
That, in th' Olimpian contentions,
They euer were the iustest Arbitrators,
If noae of them contended, nor were partie;

Thos

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

Those that will moderate disputationes well,
Must not themselues affect the coronet;
For as the ayre, containd within our eares:
If it be not in quiet; nor refrains,
Troubling our hearing, with offensive sounds;
But our affected instrument of hearing,
Repleat with noise, and singings in it selfe,
It faithfully receiues no other voices;
So, of all iudgements, if within themselues
They suffer spleene, and are tumultuous;
They can not equall differences without them;
And this winde, that doth sing so in your eares,
I know, is no disease bred in your selfe;
But whisperd in by others; who in swelling
Your vaines with emptie hope of much, yet able,
To performe nothing; are like shallow streames,
That make themselues so many heauens; to sight;
Since you may see in them, the Moone, and Starres,
The blew space of the ayre; as farre from vs,
(To our weake fenses) in those shallow streames
As if they were as deepe, as heauen is high;
Yet with your middle finger onely, sound them,
And you shall pierce them to the very earth;
And therefore leaue them, and be true to me
Or yow'le be left by all; or be like one
That in cold nights will needes haue all the fire,
And there is held by others, and embrac't
Onely to burne him: your fire wilbe inward,
Which not another deluge can put out:

Byron kneels while the King goes on.

O Inocence the sacred amulet,
Gainst all the poisons of infirmitie:
Of all misfortune, infirmitie, and death,
That makes a man, in tune still in himselfe;
Free from the hell to be his owne accuser,
Euer in quiet, endles: ioy enioying;
No strife, nor no sedition in his powres:
No motion in his will, against his reason,
S. 100. 2. 1. 1. 2. 2. 3. 3. 4. 4. 5. 5. 6. 6. 7. 7. 8. 8. 9. 9. 10. 10. 11. 11. 12. 12. 13. 13. 14. 14. 15. 15. 16. 16. 17. 17. 18. 18. 19. 19. 20. 20. 21. 21. 22. 22. 23. 23. 24. 24. 25. 25. 26. 26. 27. 27. 28. 28. 29. 29. 30. 30. 31. 31. 32. 32. 33. 33. 34. 34. 35. 35. 36. 36. 37. 37. 38. 38. 39. 39. 40. 40. 41. 41. 42. 42. 43. 43. 44. 44. 45. 45. 46. 46. 47. 47. 48. 48. 49. 49. 50. 50. 51. 51. 52. 52. 53. 53. 54. 54. 55. 55. 56. 56. 57. 57. 58. 58. 59. 59. 60. 60. 61. 61. 62. 62. 63. 63. 64. 64. 65. 65. 66. 66. 67. 67. 68. 68. 69. 69. 70. 70. 71. 71. 72. 72. 73. 73. 74. 74. 75. 75. 76. 76. 77. 77. 78. 78. 79. 79. 80. 80. 81. 81. 82. 82. 83. 83. 84. 84. 85. 85. 86. 86. 87. 87. 88. 88. 89. 89. 90. 90. 91. 91. 92. 92. 93. 93. 94. 94. 95. 95. 96. 96. 97. 97. 98. 98. 99. 99. 100. 100. 101. 101. 102. 102. 103. 103. 104. 104. 105. 105. 106. 106. 107. 107. 108. 108. 109. 109. 110. 110. 111. 111. 112. 112. 113. 113. 114. 114. 115. 115. 116. 116. 117. 117. 118. 118. 119. 119. 120. 120. 121. 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1018. 1018. 1019. 1019. 1020. 1020. 1021. 1021. 1022. 1022. 1023. 1023. 1024. 1024. 1025. 1025. 1026. 1026. 1027. 1027. 1028. 1028. 1029. 1029. 1030. 1030. 103

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

No thought gainst thought, Nor (as twere in the confines
Of wishing, and repenting) doth possesse
Onely a wayward, and tumultuose peace,
But (all parts in him, friendly and secure,
Fruitefull of all best thinges in all worst Seasons)
He can with euery wish, be in their plenty,
When, the infectious guilt of one foule crime,
Destroyes the free content of all our time.

Bjr.: Tis all acknowledg'd, and, (though all to late)
Heere the short madnesse of my anger ends:
If euer I did good I lockt it safe
In you, th' impregnable defence of goodnessse:
If ill, I presse it with my penitent knees
To that vn sounding depth, whence naught returneth.

Hen.: I is misque to mine eares: rise then for euer,
Quit of what guilt soeuer, till this houre,
And nothing toucht in honnor or in spirit,
Rise without flattery, rise by absolute merit.

Enter: Esp. to the King, Byron: &c.
Enter Sauoy with three Ladies.

Esp.: Sir if it please you to bce taught any Courtship take
you to you stand: *Sauoy* is at it with three Mistresses at once
he loues each of them best, yet All differently.

Hen.: For the time he hath beene here, he hath talkt a Vo-
lume greater then the Turkes A' caron; stand vp close; his lips
go still

Sau.: Excuse me, excuse me; The King has ye all;

1. True Sir, in honorable subiection.

2. To the which we are bound by our loyallty.

Sau.: Nay your excuse, your excuse, intend me for affec-
tion? you are all bearers of his fauours; and deny him not
your opposition by night.

3. You say rightly in that; for therein we oppose vs to his
command.

1. In the which he neuer yet prest vs.

2. Such is the bepediction of our peace.

Sau.: You take me still in flat misconstruction, and conceiue

not

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

not by me.

1. Therein we are strong in our owne purposes; for it were something scandalous for vs to conceiue by you.

2. Though there might be question made of your fruitfulness, yet drie weather in haruest dooes no harme.

Hen. They will talke him into Sauoy; he beginnes to hunte downe.

Sau. As the King is, and hath beene, a most admired, and the most vnmachable souldier, so hath he beene, and is, a sole excellent, and vnparalelld Courtier.

Hen. Pourre Amy Mercie.

1. Your highnes does the king but right sir.

2. And heauen shall blesse you for that iustice,
With plentiful store of want in Ladies affections.

Sau. You are cruell, and wil not vouchsafe me audience to any conclusion.

1. Beseech your grace conclude, that we may present our curties to you, and giue you the adiew.

Sau. It is saide, the king wil bring an army into Sauoy.

2. Truely we are not of his counsaile of warre.

Sau. Nay but vouchsafe me.

3. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him, else there's no play in't.

1. Well I vouchsafe your Grace.

Sau. Let the king bring an army into Sauoy, and Ile finde him sport for fortie yeares.

Hen. Would I were sure of that, I should then haue a long gae, and a merry.

1. I thinke your Grace woulde play with his army at Balloone.

2. My faith, and that's a martiall recreation.

3. It is next to impious courting.

Sau. I am not hee that can set my Squadrons ouer-night; by midnight leape my horse, curry seauen miles, and by three, leape my mistris; returne to mine arme againe, and direct as I were infatigable, I am no such tough souldier.

1. Your disparicie is beleeu'd sir.

2. And tis a peece of virtue to tell true.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

3. Gods me, the king,

Sau. Well, I haue said nothing that may offend.

1. Tis hop't so,

2. If there be any mercie in laughter.

Sau. Ile take my leaue.

After the tedious stay my loue hath made,

(Most worthy to command our earthly zeale)

I come for pardon, and to take my leaue;

Affirming though I reape no other good,

By this my voyage; but t' haue seene a Prince

Of greatnes, in all grace so past report;

I nothing should repent me, and to shew,

Some token of my gratitude, I haue sent,

Into your treasury, the greatest Iewells,

In all my Cabinet of Beatrice.

And of my late-deceased wife, th' Infanta,

Which are two Basigns, and their Ewrs of christall,

Neuer yet vallewd for their workmanship,

Nor the exceeding riches of their matter

And to your stable, (worthy duke of Byron,

I haue sent in two of my fayrest horses.

Byr. Sent me your horses? vpon what desert?

I entertaine no presents, but for merites;

Which I am farre from at yout highnes hands;

As being of all men to you the most stranger,

There is as ample bounty in refusing;

As in bestowing, and with this I quit you.

Sau. Then haue I lost nought but my poore good will,

Hen. Well cosine, I with all thankes, welcome that;

And therich arguments with which you proue it,

Wishing I could, to your wish welcome you;

Draw, for your marquisate, the articles;

Agreed on in our composition,

And it is yours, but where you haue p̄ropos'd,

(In your aduices) my designe for Millane,

I will haue no warre with the king of Spaine,

Vnlesse his hopes proue weary of our peace;

And (Princely cosine) it is farre from me,

BYRON'S CONSPIRACIE.

To thinke your wisedome, needful of my counsaile;
Yet loue, oft-times must offer things vnneedful;
And therefore I would counsaile you to hold
All good termes, with his Maestic of Spaine:
If any troubles should be stirr'd betwixt you,
I would not stirre therein, but to appease them;
I haue too much care of my royal word,
To breake a Peace so iust and consequent,
Without force of precedent iniustie:
Endles desires are worthles of iust Princes,
And onely proper to the swinge of tyrants.

Sau. At al partes spoke like the most christian king,
I take my humblest leaue, and pray your Highnes,
To holde me as your seruant, and poore kinsman,
Who wisheth no supreamer happines
Than to be yours: To you (right worthy Princes)
I wish for all your fauours powr'd on me
The loue of al these Ladies mutually,
And (so they please their Lordes) that they may please
Themselves by all meanes. And be you assurde
(Most louely Princesses) as of your liues,
You cannot be true women, if true wiues. *Exit.*

Hen. Is this he *Esperton*, that you would needes
Perswade vs courted so absurdly.

Esp. This is euē he sir, howsoeuer he hath studied his Par-
ting Courtship.

Hen. In what one point seemde hee so ridiculous as you
would present him?

Esp. Behold me sir, I beseech you behold me, I appeare to
you as the great Duke of *Sanoy* with these three Ladies.

Hen. Well sir, we graunt your resemblance.

Esp. He stole a carriage sir, from Count d' *Anuergne* heere.

D'Auer. From me sir?

Esp. Excuse me sir, from you I assure you: heere sir, he lies
at the Lady *Antoniette*, iust thus, for the worlde, in the true
posture of Count d' *Anuergne*.

D'Auer. Y'are exceeding delightsome.

Hen. Why is not that wel? it came in with the organ hose.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Esp. Organ hose? a pox ant; let it pipe it selfe into contempt; hee hath stolne it most feloniously, and it graces him like a disease.

Hen. I thinke he stole it from *D' Auvergne* indeed.

Esp. Well, would he had robd him of all his other diseases, He were then the soundest lord in *France*.

D' Au. As I am sir, I shall stand all wethers with you.

Esp. But sir, he has praisd you aboue th' inuention of Rimer.

Hen. Wherein? or how?

Esp. He tooke vpon him to describe your victories in warre, and where hee should haue sayd, you were the most absolute souldier in Christendome, (no Asse could haue mist it) hee deliuerd you for as pretty a fellow of your hands, as any was in *France*.

Hen. Marry God dild him.

Esp. A pox on him.

Hen. Well, (to be serious) you know him well
To be a gallant Courtier: his great wit
Can turne him into any forme he lists,
More fit to be auoyded, then deluded.
For my Lord Duke of *Byron* here, well knowes,
That it infecteth, where it doth affect:
And where it seemes to counsaile, it conspires.
With him go all our faults, and from vs flic,
(With all his counsaile) all conspiracie.

Finis Actus Quinti,

& Ultimi.

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF CHARLES
Duke of BYRON.

By GEORGE CHAPMAN.

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INDIA

10

WORLD TRADE

ANSWER TO THE

THE TRAGEDIE OF

Charles Duke of Byron.

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Henry, Vidame, D'escures, Espernon, Janin.

Hen. B Yron fallne in so traitorous a relaps,
Aladgd for our ingratitude: what offices,
Titles of honor, and what admiration,
Could France afford him that it pourd not on?

When he was scarce arriu'd at forty yeares,
He ranne through all chiefe dignities of France.
At fourteene yeares of age he was made Colonell
To all the Suisses seruing then in Flanders;
Soone after he was marshall of the campe.
And shortly after, marshall Generall:
He was receiued high Admirall of France
In that our Parliament we held at Tours;
Marshall of France in that we held at Paris.
And at the Siege of Amiens he acknowledgd,
None his Superiour but our selfe, the King;
Though I had there, the Princes of the blood
I made him my Lieutenant Generall,
Declard him Ioyntly the prime Peere of France,
And raisd his Barony into a Duchy,

Iani. And yet (my Lord) all this could not allay
The fatall thirst of his ambition,
For some haue heard him say he would not die,
Till on the wings of valour he had reacht
One degree heigher; and had seene his head,
Set on the royall Quarter of a crowne;
Yea at so vnbelieveu'd a pitch he aymd,
That he hath said his heart wou'd still complaine,
Till he aspird the style of Soueaigne,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Her I must belieue,
That without treason bred in our owne brests,
Spaines affayres are not in so good estate,
To ayme at any action against *France*:
And if *Byron* should be their instrument,
His altered disposition could not growe,
So far wide in an instant; Nor resigne,
His valure to these lawles resolutions
Vpon the sodaine; nor without some charms,
Offorreigne hopes and flatteries sung to him:
But far it flyes my thoughts, that such a spirit,
So actiue, valiant, and vigilant;
Can see it selfe transformed with such wild furies.
And like a dreame it shewes to my conceipts,
That he who by himselfe hath wonne such honor:
And he to who me his father left so much,
He that still dayly reapes so much from me,
And knowes he may encrease it to more prooife
From me, then any other forreigne King;
Should quite against the streame of all religion,
Honor, and reason, take a course so foule,

And

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

And neither keepe his Oth, nor saue his Soule.
Can the poore keeping of a Citadell
Which I denyed, to be at his disposal,
Make him forgoe the whole strength of his honours?
It is impossible, though the violence,
Of his hot spirit made him make attempt
Vpon our person for denying him;
Yet well I found his loyall iudgment seru'd,
To keepe it from effect: besides being offer'd,
Two hundred thousand crownes in yearely pention,
And to be Generall of all the forces
The Spaniards had in France; they found him still,
As an vnmatcht Achilles in the warres,
So a most wise Ulysses to their words,
Stopping his eares at their enchanted sounds;
And plaine he could them that although his blood
(Being mou'd) by Nature, were a very fire
And boyl'd in apprehension of a wrong;
Yet should his mind hold such a scepter there,
As would containe it from all act and thought
Of treachery or ingratitude to his Prince.
Yet do I long, me thinkes, to see La Fin,
Who hath his heart in keeping; since his state,
(Grown to decay and he to discontent)
Comes neere the ambitious plight of Duke Byroz.
My Lord Vidame, when does your Lordship thinke,
Your vnkle of La Fin will be arriu'd.

Vid. I thinke (my Lord) he now is neere arriu'g
For his particular iourny and deuotion,
Voud to the holy Lady of Loretto,
Was long since past and he vpon returne.

Hen. In him, as in a christall that is charm'd,
I shall deserue by whome and what designes,
My rule is threatened: and that sacred power
That hath enabled this detensive arme,
(When I enioyd but in an vnequall Nooke,
Of that I now possesse) to front a King.
Farre my Superior! And from twelue ser' battailes,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

March home a victor: ten of them obtaind,
VVithout my personall seruice; will not see
A traitorous subiect foile me, and so end
VVhat his hand hath with such successse begunne.

Enter a Ladie, and a Nurse bringing the Dauphine.

Esp. See the yong Dauphin brought to cheere your highnes.
Hen. My royll blessing, and the King of heauen,
Make thee an aged, and a happie King:
Helpe Nurse to put my sword into his hand;
Hold Boy, by this; and with it may thy arme
Cut from thy tree of rule, all traitorous branches,
That striue to shadow and eclips thy glories;
Haue thy old fathers angell for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breit;
VVho when this State ranne like a turbulent sea,
In ciuill hates and bloody enmity,
Their wrathes and enuies, like so many windes,
Setled and burst: and like the Halcions birth,
Be thine to bring a calme vpon the shore,
In which the eyes of warre may euer sleepe,
As ouermacht with former massacres,
VVhen gultie, made Noblesse, feed on Noblesse;
All the sweete plentie of the realme exhausted;
VVhen the nak't merchant, was pursude for spoile,
VVhen the pore Pezants frighted neediest theues,
VVith their pale leanenesse; nothing left on them.
But meager carcases sustaintd with ayre,
Wandring like Ghosts affrighted from their graues,
VVhen with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And (hearing it) ranne bellowing to their home:
From which vncchristian broiles and homicides,
Let the religious sword of iustice free
Thee and thy kingdomes gouern'd after me.
O heauen! or if th' vnsettled bloud of France,
VVith ease, and welch, renew her ciuill furies:

BYRONS TRAGEDY.

Let all my powers be empied in my Sonne
To cub, and end them all, as I haue done.
Let him by vertue, quite out of from fortune,
Her fetherd shouleis, and her winged shooes,
And thrust from her light feete, her turning stoney
That she may euer tarry by his throne.
And of his worth, let after ages say,
(He fighting for the land ; and bringing home
Iust conquests, loden with his enimies spoiles)
His father past all France in martiall deeds,
But he, his father twenty times exceeds.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D'Avuergne
and Laffin.*

Byr. My deare friends D'Avuergne, and Laffin,
We neede no coniurations to conceale:
Our close intendments, to aduance our states
Euen with our merits ; which are now neclected;
Since Britaine is reduc't, and breathlesse warre
Hath sheath'd his sword, and wrapt his Ensignes vp;
The King hath now no more vse of my valure,
And therfore I shall now no more enjoy
The credite that my seruice held with him;
My seruice that hath driuen through all extremes,
Through tempests, droughts, and through the deepest floods;
Winters of shot : and ouer rockes so high
That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy topes;
The world is quite inuerted: vertue thowne
At Vices feete : and sensuall peace confounds,
Valure, and cowardise: Fame, and Infamy;
The rude and terrible age is turnd againe:
When the thicke ayre hid heauen, and all the starres,
Were drown'd in humor, tough, and hard to perishe,
When the red Sunne held not his fixe place;
Kept not his certaine course, his rise and set

K

Nos

BYRONS TRAGEDY.

Nor yet distinguisht with his definite boundes;
Nor in his firme conuersions, were discernd
The fruitfull distances of time and place,
In the well varied seasons of the yeare;
When th'incomposd incursions of floods
Wasted and eat the earth; and all things shewed
Wilde and disordred: nought was worse then now;
Wee must reforme and haue a new creation
Of State and gouernment; and on our Chaos
Will I sit brooding vp another world.
I who through all the dangers that can siege
The life of man, haue forst my glorious way
To the repayring of my countries ruines,
Will ruine it againe, to re-aduance it;
Romaine *Camillus*, safte the State of Rome
With farre lesse merite, then *Byron* hath France;
And how short of this is my recompence.
The king shall know, I will haue better price
Set on my seruices; in spight of whome
I will proclaime and ring my discontents
Into the farthest care of all the world.

Laff.: How great a spirit he breaths? how learnd? how wise?
But (worthy Prince) you must giue temperate ayre,
To your vnmachtd, and more then humaine winde;
Else will our plots be frost-bit, in the flowre.

D'An.: Betwixt our selues we may giue liberall vent
To all our fiery and displeas'd impressions;
Which nature could not entertaine with life,
Without some exhalation; A wrongd thought
Will breake a rib of steele.

Byr. My Princely friend,
Enough of these eruptions; our graue Councillor
Well knowes that great affaires will not be forg'd
But vpon Anuills that are linde with wooll;
We must ascend to our intentions toppe
Like Clowdes that be not seene till they be vp?

Laff.: O, you do too much rauish; And my soule
Offer to Musique in your numerous breath;

BYRONS TRAGEDY.

Sententious, and so high, it wakens death;
It is for these parts, that the Spanish King
Hath sworne to winne them to his side
At any price or perrill; That great *Sauoy*,
Offers his princely daughter, and a dowry,
Amounting to fiue hundred thousand crownes;
With full transport of all the Soueraigne rights
Belonging to the State of Burgondie;
Which marriage will be made, the onely Cymene
T'effect and strengthen all our secret Treaties;
Instruct me thererfore, (my assured Prince)
Now I am going to resolute the King
Of his suspitions, how I shall behaue me.

Byr.: Go my most trusted friend, with happy fecte:
Make me a sound man with him; Go to Court
But with a little traine; and be prepar'd
To heare, at first, tearmes of contempt and choller,
Which you may easily calme, and turne to grace.
If you beseech his highnesse to beleue
That your whole drift and course for Italy,
(Where he hath heard you were) was onely made
Out of your long-well-knowne deuotion
To our right holy Lady of *Lorretto*,
As you haue told some of your friends in Court:
And that in passing Mylan and Thurin,
They charg'd you to propound my mariage
With the third daughter of the Duke of *Sauoy*;
Which you haue done, and I reieected it,
Resolu'd to build vpon his royll care
For my bestowing, which he lately vowd.

Laff.: O, you direct, as if the God of light
Sat in each nooke of you; and pointed out
The path of Empire; Charming all the dangers
On both sides arm'd, with his harmoniouse finger.

Byr.: Besides let me intreat you to dismisse,
All that haue made the voyage with your Lordship,
But specially the Curate: And to locke
Your papers in some place of doubtlesse safety;

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

Or sacrifice them to the God of fire;
Considering worthily that in your handes
I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

Laff.: Therein the bounty that your Grace hath showne me,
I prize past life, and all thinges that are mine;
And will vndoubtedly preserue, and tender
The merit of it, as my hope of heauen.

Byr.: I make no question; farewell worthy friend. *Exit.*

Henry, Chancellor, Laffin, D'Escures, Ianin,
Henry hauing many papers in his hand.

Hen.: Are these proofes of that purely Chatholike zeale
That made him wish no other glorious title,
Then to be calld the scourge of *Huguenots*?

Chan.: No question sir, he was of no religion;
But (vpon false groundes, by some Courtiers laid)
Hath oft bene heard to mocke and iest at all.

Hen.: Are not his treasons haynous?

All.: --Most abhord;

Chan.: All is confirm'd that you haue heard before,
And amplified with many horrors more.

Hen.: Good *De'Laffin*; you were our golden plummet,
To sound this gulphe of all ingratitude;
In which you haue with excellent desert
Of loyalty and pollicie, exprest
Your name in action; and with such apparence
Haue prou'd the parts of his ingratefull treasons,
That I must credit, more then I desir'd,

Laff.: I must confesse my Lord, my voyages
Made to the Duke of Sauoy and to Mylan;
Were with indeauour, that the warres return'd,
Might breed some trouble to your Maiestie;
And profit those by whome they were procur'd;
But since, in their disfaignes, your sacred person
Was not excepted (which I since haue scene),
It so abhord me, that I was resolu'd
To giue you full intelligence thereof;

And

BYTONS TRAGEDIE.

And rather chus'd to fayle in promises;
Made to the seruant; then infringe my fealty
Sworne to my royll Soueraigne and Maister;
Hen: I am extreamely discontent to see,
This most vnnaturall conspiracie;
And would not haue the Marshall of *Byron*,
The first example of my forced Justice;
Nor that his death should be the worthy cause,
That my calme raigne, (which hetherto hath held
A cleare and cheerefull skie aboue the heads
Of my deare subiects) should so sodainely
Be ouercast with clowdes of fire, and thunder;
Yet on submission, I vow stil his pardon.

Ian: And still our humble counsayles, (for his seruice)
Would so resolute you, if he will employ
His honourd valure as effectually,
To fortifie the State, against your foes;
As he hath practis'd bad intendments with them.

Hen: That vow shall stand; and we will now addresse,
Some messengers to call him home to Court;
VVithout the slendrest intimation,
Of any ill we know; we will restraine
(VVithal forgiuenes, if he will confesse)
His headlong course to ruine; and his taste,
From the sweete poyson of his friendlike foes:
Treason bath blister'd heelz, dishonest Thinges
Hau'e bitter Rivers, though delicious Springs;
Descares haste you vnto him, and informe,
That hauing heard by sure intelligence,
Of the great leuies made in Italie,
Of Arms and soldiers; I am resolute,
Vpon my frontiers to maintaine an Army;
The charge whereof I will impose on him;
And to that end, expreſſly haue commanded,
De Vic, our Lord Ambassador in Suisse,
To demand leuie of six thousand men;
Appointing them to march where Duke *Byron*.
Shall haue directions; wherein I haue follow'd,

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

The counsaile of my Constable his Gossip;
Whose lik't aduice, I made him him know by letters,
Wishing to heare his owne; from his owne mouth,
And by all meanes coniure, his speediest presence;
Do this with vtmost hast.

Desc. I will my Lord.

Exit Desc.

Hen. My good Lord Chancellor, of many Peeches,
More then is here, of his conspiracies
Presented to vs, by our friend, *Laffin*;
You, onely, shall reserue these seauen and twenty,
VVhich are not those that must conclude against him;
But mention only him; since I am loth,
To haue the rest of the conspirators, knowne.

Chan. My Lord, my purpose is to guard all these,
So safely from the sight of any other:
That in my doublet I will haue them sow'd;
Without discouering them to mine owne eies,
Till neede, or opportunitie requires.

Hen. You shall do well my Lord, they are of weight;
But I am doubtfull; that his conscience
Will make him so suspitious of the worst,
That he will hardly be induc't to come.

Ian. I much should doubt that to, but that I hope
The strength of his conspiracie, as yct
Is not so readie, that he dare presume,
By his refusall to make knowne so much
Of his disloialtie.

Hen. I yet conceiue;
His practises are turnd to no bad end,
And good *Laffin*, I pray you wright to him,
To halten his repaire: and make him sure,
That you haue satisfied me to the full.
For all his actions, and haue vtterd nougħt,
But what might serue to banish bad impressions.

Laf. I will not faile my Lord.

Hen. Conuaie your letters;
By some choice friend of his: or by his brother:
And for a third excitemet to his presence;

Ianin,

BYTRONS TRAGEDIE.

Ianin, your selfe shall goe, and with the powre
That both the rest employ to make him come,
Use you the strength of your perswasions.

Ian. I will my Lord, and hope I shall present him. *Exit Ian.*

Enter *Eſper, Soiſſon, Vitry, Pralin, &c.*

Eſpa. Wilt please your Maiestie to take your place,
The Maske is comming.

Hen. Roome my Lords, stand close.

Musique and a Song, ahone,, and Cupid enters with a
Table written, hung about his neck; after him two
Torch-bearers; after them Mary, D'Entragues,
and 4. Ladies more with their Torch-bearers, &c.
Cupid speaks.

Cup. My Lord, these Nymphs, part of the scatterd traine,
Of friendlesſe vertue (liuing in the woods
Of shady Arden : and of late not hearing
The dreadfull sounds of Warre ; but that sweete Peace,
Was by your valure lifted from her graue,
Set on your royll right hand : and all vertues
Summond with honor, and with rich rewards,
To be her hand-maides) : These I say, the vertues,
Haue put their heads out of their Caues and Couerts,
To be her true attendants in your Court :
In which desire, I must relate a tale,
Of kinde and worthy emulation,
Twixt these two Vertues, leaders of the traine.
This on the right hand is *Sophroſyne*,
Or *Chastitie* : this other *Dapsyle*
Or *Liberalitie* : their Emulation
Begat a iarre, which thus was reconcil'd.
I, (hauing left my Goddesses mothers lap,
To hawke, and ſhoote at Birds in Arden groues,)
Beheld this Princeſly Nymph, with much affection,
Left killing Birds, and turn'd into a Birde,

Like

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

Like which I flew betwixt her luory brests,
As if I had beene driuen by some Hawlke,
To sue to her for safetey of my life ;
She smilde at first, and sweetly shadowd me,
With soft protection of her siluer hand ;
Some-times she tyed my legges in her rich hayre,
And made me (past my nature, libercie)
Proud of my fettters : As I pertly sat,
On the white pillowes of her naked brests,
I sung for ioy ; she answered note for note,
Relish for relish, with such eate and Arte,
In her diuine diuision, that my tunes,
Showd like the God of Shepheards to the Sunnes,
Comparde with hers : ashamed of which disgrace,
I tooke my true shape, Bowe, and all my shafts,
And lighted all my torches at her eyes,
Which (set about her, in a golden ring)
I followd Birds againe, from Tree to Tree,
Kild, and presented, and she kindly tooke.
But when she handled my triumphant Bowe,
And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,
She begd them of me ; I, poore boy replyed,
I had no other Riches ; yet was please
To hazard all, and stake them gainst a kisse,
At an old game I vsde, call'd Penny-prick.
She priuie to her owne skill in the play,
Answerd my challenge, so, I lost my armes :
And now my Shafts are headed with her lookes,
One of which Shafts she put into my Bowe,
And shot at this faire Nymph, with whom before
I tolde your Maiestie, she had some iarre.
The Nymph did instantly repent all parts
She playd in vrging that effeminate warre,
Lou'd and submitted ; which submission
This tooke so well, that now they both are one :
And as for your deare loue, their discords grew,
So for your loue, they did their loues renew.
And now to prooue them capable of your count,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

In skill of such conceipts, and quallities
As here are practisde; they will first submit
Their grace in dancing to your highnesse doome,
And play the prease to giue their meisures roome,

Musique, Dance, &c. which done Cupid speakes.

If this suffice, for one Court complement,
To make them gratioues, and entertainde;
Behold another parcell of their Court-ship,
Which is a rare dexteritie in riddles,
Showne in one instance, which is here inscrib'd.
Here is a Riddle, which if any Knight
At first sight can resolue; he shall enioy
This Iewell here annext; which though it shew
To vulgar eyes, no richer then a Peble;
And that no Lapydarie, nor great man
Will giue a Soulz for it; 'tis worth a kingdome:
For 'tis an artificiall stone composde,
By their great Mistresse, Vertue: and will make
Him that shall weare it, liue with any little,
Suffizde, and more content then any king.
If he that vndertakes cannot resolue it;
And that these Nymphs can haue no harbor here;
(It being considered, that so many vertues
Can neuer liue in Court) he shall resolue
To leaue the Court, and liue with them in Arden,

Esp. Pronounce the riddle: I will vndertake it.

Cup. 'Tis this sir.

*What's that a faire Lady, most of all likes,
Yet euer makes shew she least of all seekes?
That's euer embrac'd, and affelted by her,
Yet neuer is scene to please or come nigh her:
Most seru'd in her night-weeds: does her good in a corner,
But a poore mans thing, yet doth richly adorne her:
Most cheape, and most deare, aboue all worldly pelfe,
That is hard to get in, but comes out of it selfe.*

Esp. Let me peruse it, *Cupid.*

Cup. Here it is.

Esp. Your Riddle is good *Fame.*

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Cup. Good fame? how make you that good?

Esp. Good fame is that a good Lady most likes I am sure;

Cup. Thats graunted;

Esp. Yet euer makes shewe she least of all seekes: for shee
likes it onely for the vertue, which is not gloriouſ.

Hen. That holds well.

Esp. Tis euer embrac't and affected by her: for shee must,
perceuer in vertue or fame vanishes. Yet neuer is ſeen to please or come nyc her: for fame is Iu-

Cup. Exceeding right.

Esp. Most ſerued in her night weeds: for Ladies that moſt
weare their Nightweeds come leſt abrode, and they that come
leſt abrode ſerue fame moſt; according to this: *Non formata
ſed fama in publicum exire dobet.*

Hen. Tis very ſubſtantiall.

Esp. Does her good in a corner: that is in her moſt reteate
from the world, comforts her; but a poore mans thing: for euery
poore man may purchase it, yet doth richly adorne a Lady.

Cup. That all muſt grant.

Esp. Moſt cheape for it coſts nothing, and moſt deare, for
gould can not buy it; aboue all worldly pelffe; for that is tran-
ſitory, and fame eternall. It is hard to get in; that is hard to get.
But comes out of itſelfe; for when it is vertuously deſerued
with the moſt inward reteate from the world, it comes out
in ſpight of it, & ſo *Cupid* your iewell is mine.

Cup. It is: and be the vertue of it, yours.

Wee'll now turne to our daunce, and then attend,
Your heighnes will, as touching our refort,
If vertue may be entertaind in Court,

Hen. This ſhow hath pleased me well, for that it figures
The reconcilement of my Queene and Miftris:
Come Let vs in and thanke them and prepare,
To entertaine our truſty friend *Byron.*

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS.

Enter Byron. D'Auer.

Byr. Deare friend, we must not be more true to kings,
 Then Kings are to their subiects, there are schooles,
 Now broken ope in all parts of the world,
 First founded in ingenious Italy,
 Where some conclusions of estate are held,
 That for a day preserue a Prince, and euer,
 Destroy him after: from thence men are taught,
 To glyde into degrees of height by crafte,
 And then lock in them-selues by villanie:
 But God, who knowes kings are not made by art,
 But right of Nature, nor by trechery propt,
 But simple vertue, once let fall from heauen,
 A branch of that greene tree, whose root is yet,
 Fast fixt abcoue the starrs: which sacred branch,
 Wee well may liken to that Lawrell spray,
 That from the heauenly Eagles golden seres,
 Fell in the lap of great *Augustus* wife:
 Which spray once set, grew vp into a tree,
 Whereof were Girlonds made, and Emperors,
 Had their estates and foreheads crownd with them:
 And as the armes of that tree did decay,
 The race of great *Augustus* wore away,
 Nero being last of that imperiall line,
 The tree and Emperor together died.
 Religion is a branch, first set and blest
 By heauens highe finger in the hearts of kings,
 Which whilelome grew into a goodly tree,
 Bright Angels sat and sung vpon the twigs,
 And royall branches for the heads of Kings,
 Were twisted of them but since *squint-ey'd enuy*:
 And pale suspicion, dasht the heads of kingdomes,
 One against another: two abhorred twins,
 With two foule tayles: sterne Warre and Libertie,
 Entred the world. The tree that grew from heauen.

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Is ouerrunne with mosle; the cheerfull musique,
That heeretofore hath sounded out of it,
Beginnes to cease; and as she casts her leaues,
(By small degrees) the kingdome of the earth
Decline and wither: and looke whensoeuer
That the pure sap in her, is dried vp quite;
The lamp of all authoritie goes out,
And all the blaze of Princes is extinkt;
Thus as the Poet sends a messenger
Out to the stage, to shew the summe of all,
That followes after: so are Kings reuolts,
And playing both waies with religion,
Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,
Which (like a Chorus) subiects must lament:

D'An. My Lord I stand not on these deepe discourses,
To settle my course to your fortunes; mine
Are freely and inseperable linckt:
And to your loue my life.

Byr. Thankes Princely friend,
And whatsoeuer good shall come of me,
Pursu'd by al the Catholike Princes aydes
With whom I ioyne, and whose whole states proposde,
To winne my valure, promise me a throne:
All shall be equall with my selfe; thine owne.

La Brun. My Lord here is *D'escuris* sent from the King,
Desires accessse to you.

Enter D'escuris.

Byr. Attend him in.

Des. Helth to my Lord the Duke:

Byr. Welcome *D'escuris*,

In what helth rests our royall Soueraigne.

Des. In good helth of his bodie, but his minde,
Is something troubled with the gathering stormes,
Offorreigne powres; that as he is inform'd
Addresse themselves into his frontier townes;
And therefore his intent, is to maintaine:

The

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The body of an armie on those parts;
And yeeld their worthie conduct to your valure.

Byr. From whence heares he that any stormes are rising?

Defc. From Italy; and his intelligence,
No doubt is certaine, that in all those partes
Leuies are hotly made; for which respect,
He sent to his Ambassador *De Vic*,
To make demand in Switzerland, for the rai~~ning~~
With vermost dilligence of sixe thousand men;
All which shall bee commanded to attend,
On your direction; as the Constable
Your honord Gossip gaue him in aduice;
And hee sent you by wrighting: of which letters,
He would haue answere, and aduice from you
By your most speedie presence.

Byr. This is strange,
That when the enimie is t'attempt his frontiers,
He calls me from the frontiers: does he thinke,
It is an action worthie of my valure
To turne my back, to an approching foe?

Defc. The foe is not so nere, but you may come,
And take more strickt directions from his highnesse,
Then he thinkes fit his letters should containe;
Without the least accainture of your valure;
And therefore good my Lord, forbeare excuse
And beare your selfe on his direction;
Who well you know hath neuer made designe
For your most worthy seruice, where he saw
That any thing but honour could succede.

Byr. I will not come I sweare:

Def. I know your grace,
Will send no such vnsauorie replie.

Byr. Tell him that I beseech his Maiesty,
To pardon my repaire till th'end be knowne.
Of all these leuies now in Italie.

Def. My Lord I know that tale will neuer please him;
And wish you as you loue his loue and pleasure,
To satisfie his summons speedily:

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

And speedily I know he will returne you;
Byr. By heauen it is not fit: if all my seruice
Makes me know any thing: beseech him therefore,
To trust my iudgement in these doubtfull charges,
Since in assur'd assaults it hath not faild him.

Des. I would your Lordship now, would trust his iudgement.

Byr. Gods precious, y'are importunate past measure,
And (I know) further, then your charge extends,
Ile satisfie his highnesse, let that serue;
For by this flesh and bloud, you shall not beare,
Any replie to him, but this from me.

Des. Tis nought to me my Lord, I wish your good,
And for that cause haue beene importunate. *Exit Des:*

Brunel. By no meanes goe my Lord; but with distrust,
Of all that hath beene said or can be sent;
Collect your friends, and stand vpon your gard,
The Kings faire letters, and his messages
Are onely Golden Pills, and comprehend
Horrible purgatiues.

Byr. I will not goe,
For now I see th'instructions lately sent me,
That something is discouerd, are too true,
And my head rules none of those neighbor Nobles,
That every Pursuivant brings beneath the axe:
If they bring me out, they shall see ile hatch
Like to the Black-thorne, that puts forth his leafe,
Not with the golden fawnings of the Sunne,
But sharpest showers of haile, and blackest frosts:
Blowes, batteries, breaches, showers of steele and bloud,
Must be his doun-right messengers for me,
And not the misling breath of policie:
He, he himselfe, made passage to his Crowne
Through no more armies, battailes, massacres,
Then I will aske him to arriue at me;
He takes on him, my executions,
And on the demolitions, that this arme,
Hath shaken out of forts and Citadells,
Hath he aduanc't the Tropheys of his valor;
Where I, in those assumptions may skorne,

And

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

And speake contemptuously of all the world,
For any equal yet, I euer found;
And in my rising, not the Syrian Starre
That in the Lyons mouth, vndaunted shines,
And makes his braue ascension with the Sunne,
Was of th' Egypcians, with more zeale beheld,
And made a rule to know the circuite,
And compasse of the yeare; then I was held
When I appeard from battaile; the whole sphere,
And full sustainer of the state we beare;
I haue Alcides-like gone vnder th' earth
And on these shoulders borne the weight of France:
And (for the fortunes of the thankles King)
My father (all know) set him in his throne,
And if he vrge me, I may pluck him out.

Enter Mess.

Mes. Here is the president *Ianin*, my Lord;
Sent from the King, and vrgeth quick accessse.

Byr. Another Pursiuant? and one so quick?
He takes next course with me, to make him stay:
But, let him in, let's herewhile he importunes.

Enter Ianin.

Ianin. Honor, and loyall hopes to Duke *Byron*.
Byr. No other tooch me: say how fares the King?
Ian. Farely my Lord; the cloud is yet farre off
That aims at his obscuring, and his will,
Would gladly giue the motion to your powers.
That should disperse it; but the meanes, himselfe,
Would personally relate in your direction.

Byr. Still on that hante?
Ian. Vpon my life, my Lord,
He much desires to see you, and your sight
Is now growne necessarie to supprese
(As with the glorious splendor of the Sunne)
The rude windes that report breaths in his eares,
Endeuoring to blast your loialtie.

Byr. Sir, if my loyaltie, stick in him no faster
But that the light breath of report may loose it,
(So I rest still vnmoou'd) let him be shaken.

Ian. But these aloose abodes, my Lord bewray,
That

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

That there is rather firmesse in your breath,
Then in your heart ; Truth is not made of glasse,
That with a small touch, it should feare to breake,
And therefore should not shunne it ; beleeue me
His arme is long, and strong ; and it can fetch
Any within his will, that will not come :
Not he that surfets in his mines of gold,
And for the pride thereof, compares with God,
Calling (with almost nothing different)
His powers inuincible, for omnipotent,
Can back your boldest Fort gainst his assaults ;
It is his pride, and vaine ambition,
That hath but two staires in his high designes ;
(The lowest enuie, and the highest bloud)
That doth abuse you ; and giues mindes too high,
Rather a will by guiddiness to fall,
Then to descend by iudgement.

Byr. I relye

On no mans back nor belly ; but the King
Must thinke that merit, by ingratitude crackt,
Requires a firmer sementing then words.
And he shall finde it a much harder worke
To soder broken hearts, then shiuerd glasses.

Ian. My Lord, 'tis better hold a Soueraignes loue
By bearing iniurie ; then by laying out
Stirre his displeasure ; Princes discontents
(Being once incenst) are like the flames of *Etna*,
Not to be quencht, nor lessend : and be sure,
A subiects confidence in any merit,
Against his Soueraigne, that makes him presume
To flie too high ; approoues him like a clowd,
That makes a shew as it did hawlike at kingdomes,
And could command, all raisd beneath his vapor :
When sodainly, the Fowle that hawlt so faire,
Stoopes in a puddle, or consumes in ayre.

Byr. I flie with no such ayme, nor am opposde,
Against my Soueraigne ; but the worthy height
I haue wrought by my seruice, I will hold,

Which

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Which if I come away, I cannot do;
For if the enemie should inuade the Frontier,
Whose charge to guard, is mine, with any spoile,
(Although the King in placing of another
Might well excuse me) Yet all forraine Kinges
That can take note of no such secret quittance,
Will lay the weakenesse here, vpon my wants;
And therefore my abode is resolute.

Ian: I sorrow for your resolution,
And feare your dissolution, will succeed.

Byr: I must induce it;

Ian: Fare you well my Lord;

Byr: Farewell to you;

Captaine what other newes?

Enter Bru.

Bru: *La Fin* salutes you;

Byr: Welcome good friend; I hope your wisht arriuall,
Will giue some certaine end to our disleignes;

Bru: I know not that, my Lord; reports are rais'd so doubt-
full and so different, that the truth of any one can hardly be
assur'd.

Byr: Good newes, *D' Auvergne*; our trusty friend *La Fin*,
Hath clear'd all scruple with his Maestie,
And vterd nothing but what seru'd to cleare
All bad Suggestions.

Bru: So he sayes, my Lord
But others say, *La Fin's* assurances
Are meere deceipts; and wish you to beleue;
That when the *Vidame*, nephew to *La Fin*,
Met you at *Autune*, to assure your doubts,
His vncle had said nothing to the King
That might offend you; all the iournies charge,
The King defraid; besides, your trusty friuides
Willd me to make you certaine that your place
Of gouernment is otherwise dispos'd;
And all aduise you, for your latest hope,
To make retreat into the *French County*.

Byr: I thanke them all, but they touch not the depth,
Of the affaires, betwixt *La Fin* and me.

M

Who

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Who is returnd contented to his house,
Quite freed, of all displeasure or distrust;
And therefore, worthy friends wele now to Court.

D'An My Lord, I like your other friends aduices,
Much better then *Laffins*; and on my life
You can not come to Court with any saftie.

Byr. Who shall infringe it? I know, all the Court,
Haue better apprehension of my valure;
Then that they dare lay violent hands on mee;
If I haue onely meanes to drawe this sword,
I shall haue powre enough to set me free,
From seasure, by my proudest enemy. Exit.

Eſſer: Vyt: Praſ:

Eſſ. He will not come I dare engage my hand.

Vyt. He will be fetcht then, ile engage my head.

Pra. Come, or be fetcht, he quite hath lost his honor,
In giuing these suspicions of reuolt
From his allegiance: that which he hath wunne,
With sundry wounds, and perrill of his life;
With wonder of his wil dome, and his valure,
He looſeth with a moſt enchanted glorie:
And admiration of his pride, and folly.

Vit. Why did you neuer see a fortunate man,
Sodainely raif'd to heapes of welth and honor?
Nor any rarely great in guifts of nature,
As valure, wit, and ſmooth vſe of the tongue;
Set ſtrangely to the pitch of populare likings?
But with as ſodaine falls the rich and honord,
Were ouerwhelmd by pouertie, and shame
Or had no vſe of both aboue the wretched.

Eſſ. Men neuer are ſatisfid with that they haue;
But as a man, matcht with a louely wife,
When his moſt heauenly Theoyre of her beauties,
Is duld and quite exhausted with his praetice:
He bring her forth to feaſts, where he ahlas,
Falls to his viands with no thought like others,
That thinke him bleſt in her, and they (poore men) Court;

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Court, and make faces, offer seruice, sweate,
With their desires contention, breake their braines
For iests, and tales: sit mute, and loose their lookes,
(Far out of wit, and out of countenance)
So all men else, do what they haue transplant,
And place their welth in thirst of that they want.

Enter Henry, Chanc: Vyd: Defc: Ianin.

Hen. He will not come; I must both grieue and wonder,
That all my care to winne my subiects loue
And in one cup of friendship to comix,
Our liues and fortunes: should leaue out so many
As giue a man (comtemptuous of my loue,
And of his owne good, in the Kingdomes Peace)
Hope, in a continuance so vngratefull,
To beare out his designes in spight of me;
How should I better please all, then I do?
When they suppos'd, I would haue giuen some,
Insolent garisons; others Citadells,
And to all sorts, encrease of miseries;
Prouince by Prouince, I did visit all
Whom those injurious rumors had diswaide;
And shew'd them how, I neuer sought to build,
More forts for me, then were within their hearts;
Nor vse more sterne constraints, then their good wills,
To succor the necessities of my crowne,
That I desird to ad to their contents
By all occasions, rather then subtract;
Nor wisht I, that my treasury should flow,
With gold that swum in, in my subiects teares;
And then I found no man, that did not blesse,
My few yeares raigne; and their triumphant peace,
And do they now so soone, complaine of ease?

Hen. He will not come? Enter Byron, D' Auvergne; brother,
Esp. O madnesse? he is come, with others.

Chanc. The duke is come my Lord:

Hen. Oh Sir, y'are welcome;

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

And fitly, to conduct me to my house;

Byr. I must beseech your Majesties excuse,

That (Ielouse of mine honor) I haue vsd,

Some of mine owne commandment in my stay,

And came not with your heighnesse soonest summons.

Hen. The faithfull seruant right in holy writ;

That said he would not come and yet he came;

But come you hether; I must tell you now,

Not the contempt you stood to in your stay,

But the bad ground that bore vp your contempt,

Makes you arriue at no port; but repentance,

Despayre, and ruine;

Byr. Be what port it will,

At which your will, will make me be arived,

I am not come to iustifie my selfe,

To aske you pardon nor accuse my friends,

Hen. If you conceale my enemies you are one,

And then my pardon shall be worth your asking,

Or else your head be worth my cutting of.

Byr. Being friend and worthy fautor of my selfe,

I am no foe of yours, nor no empayrer,

Since he can no way worthely maintaine.

His Princes honor that neglects his owne;

And if your wil haue beene to my true reason,

(Maintaining still the truth of loyalty)

A checke to my free nature and mine honor,

And that on your free justice I presum'd

To crosse your will a little, I conceine,

You will not thinke this forfaite worth my head;

Hen. Haue you maintainid your truth of loyalty?

When since I pardoned foule ententions,

Resoluing to forget eternally, What they apperd in,

And had welcomd you as the kind father doth his riotous son.

I can approue facts fowler then th' intents,

Of deepe disloyalty and highest treason;

Byr. May this right hand be thunder to my brest,

If I stand guilty of the slendrest fact,

Wherin the leit of cholet wo can be prooued;

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

For could my tender conscience but haue toucht,
At any such vnnaturall relaps;
I would not with this confidence haue runne,
Thus headlong in the furnace of a wrath,
Blowne, and thrice kindled: hauing way enough,
In my election both to shunne and sleight it.

Hen. Y'are grotely and vain gloriously abus'd,
There is no way in *Sauoy* nor in *Spaine*,
To giue a foole that hope of your escape,
And had you not(euen when you did) arriued.
(With horror to the proudest hope you had).
I would haue fetcht you.

Byr. You must then haue vs'd.
A power beyond my knowledge, and a will,
Beyond your justice. For a little stay
More then I vs'd would hardly haue beene worthy,
Of such an open expedition;
In which to all the censures of the world,
My faith and Innocence had beene souly foyld;
Whiche(I protest) by heauens bright witnessses
That shine farr,farr, from mixture with our feares.
Retaine as perfect roundnes as their spheares;

Hen Tis well my Lord, I thought I could haue frigheted
Your firnest confidence: some other time,
We will(as now in priuate) sift your actions.
And poure more then you thinke into the sise,
Alwaies referueng clemency and pardon:
Vpon confession, be you nere so foule,
Come lets cleere vp our browes shall we to tennis.

Byr. I my Lord if I may make the match.
The Duke *Espernon* and my selfe will play,
With you and Count *Soissons*;

Esp. I know my Lord.
You play well but you make your matches ill.

Exit.

Hen Come tis a match.

Byr. How like you my ariuall?

Esp. Ile tell you as your friend in your care.
You haue giuen more preserment to your courage,

Then

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Then to the prouidept counsailes of your friends.

D'An. I told him so my Lord, and much was grieu'd
To see his bold approach, so full of will.

Byr. Well I must beare it now, though but with th'head,
The shoulders bearing nothing.

Esp. By Saint John,
Tis a good headlesse resolution. Exeunt.

ACTVS. 4. SCEN. 1.

Byron. D'Avuergne.

Byr. O the most base fruites of a settled peace!
In men, I meane ; worse then their durty fields,
Which they manure much better them-selues :
For them they plant, and sowe, and ere they grow,
Weedie, and choakt with thornes, they grub and proyne,
And make them better, then when cruell warre,
Frighted from thence the sweaty labourer :
But men them-selues, in steed of bearing fruites,
Growe rude, and foggie, ouer-growne with weedes,
Their spirits, and freedomes smootherd in their ease ;
And as their tyrants and their ministers,
Growe wilde in prosecution of their lusts,
So they grow prostitute, and lye (like whores)
Downe and take vp, to their abhord dishonors :
The friendlesse may be iniur'd and opprest ;
The guiltlesse lead to slaughter, the deseruer
Giuen to the begger ; right be wholy wrongd,
And wrong be onely honor'd ; till the strings
Of euery mans heart, crack ; and who will stirre,
To tell authority, that it doth erre.
All men cling to it, though they see their blouds
In their most deare associates and Allyes,
Pour'd into kennels by it : and who dares
But looke well in the breast, whom that impayres ?
How all the Court now' lockes askew on me ?
Go by without saluting, shun my sight,
Which (like a march sunne) agues breeds in them,
From whence of late, ^{twas} health to haue a beame ;

D'An.

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

D'AU. Now none will speake to vs, we thrust our selues
Into mens companies, and offer speech,
As if not made, for their diuerted eares,
Their backs turnd to vs, and their words to others,
And we must like obsequious Parasites,
Follow their faces, winde about their persons,
For lookes and answers: or be cast behinde,
No more viewd then the wallet of their faults.

Enter Soiffon.

BYR. Yet here's one views me, and I thinke will speake,

SOIFF. My Lord, if you respect your name and race,
The preseruation of your former honors,
Merites and vertues; humbly cast them all,
At the kings mercy; for beyond all doubt,
Your acts haue thether driuen them: he hath proofes
So pregnant, and so horride, that to heare them,
Would make your valure in your very lookes,
Giue vp your forces, miserably guilty:
But he is most loth (for his ancient loue
To your rare vertues:) and in their empaire,
The full discouragement of all that liue,
To trust or fauour any gifts in Nature;
T' expose them to the light; when darknesse may
Couver her owne broode; and keepe still in day,
Nothing of you but that may brooke her brightnesse:
You know what horrors these high strokes do bring,
Raisd in the arme of an incensed King.

BYR. My Lord, be sure the King cannot complaine
Of any thing in me, but my true seruice,
Which in so many dangers of my death,
May so approoue my spotlesse loyaltie;
That those quite opposite horrors you assure,
Must looke out of his owne ingratitude;
Or the malignant eauires of my foes,
Who powre me out in such a Stygian flood,
To drown me in my selfe, since their deserts
Are farre from such a deluge; and in me
Hid like so many riuers in the Sea.

SOIFF.

BYTRONS TRAGEDIE.

Goiff: You thinke I come to sound you; fare you wel, Exit.

Enter Chancellor, Espernon, Janin, Vidame,
Vitry, Pralin, whisperinge by couples, &c.

D'An: See see, not one of them will cast a glaunce
At our eclipsed faces;

Byr: They keepe all to cast in admiration on the King:
For from his face are all their faces moulded.

D'An: But when a change comes; we shall see them all
Chang'd into water, that will instantly
Giue looke for looke, as if it watcht to greet vs;
Or else for one, they'l giue vs twenty faces,
Like to the little specks on sides of glasses;

Byr: Is't not an easie losse to lose theyr lookes,
Whose hearts so soone are melted?

D'An: But me thinks,
(Being Courtiers) they should cast best looks on men,
When they thought worst of them.

Byr: O no my Lord,
They n'ere dissemble but for some aduantage;
They sell theyr looks, and shadowes; which they rate
After theyr markets, kept beneath the State;
Lord what foule weather theyr aspects do threaten?
See in how graue a Brake he sets his vizard:
Passion of nothing; See, an excellent Iesture:
Now Courtship goes a ditching in theyr fore-heads;
And we are falne into those dismal ditches;
Why cuen thus dreadfully would they be rapt,
If the Kings butterd egges, were onely spilt.

Enter Henry.

Hen: Lord Chancellor;

Cha: I my Lord;

Hen: And lord Vidame: Exit.

Byr: And not Byron? here's a prodigious change;

D'An: He cast no Beame on you;

Byr: Why now you see
From whence theyr countenances were copyed.

Enter.

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Enter the captaine of Byrons guard with a letter.

D'An. See, here comes some newes, I beleue my Lord.

Byr. VVhat saies the honest captaine of my guard?

Cap. I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

Byr. Tis welcome then:

D'An. Haue we yet any friends?

Cap. More then yee would I thinke: I neuer saw,
Men in their right mindes so vngnitedous
In their owne causes.

Byr. See what thou hast brought,
Hee wills vs to retire our selues my Lord,
And makes as if it were almost too late,
What saies my captaine; shall we goe or no?

Cap. I would your daggers point had kist my heart,
When you resolu'd to come.

Byr. I pray the why?

Cap. Yet, doth that sencelesse Apoplexy dull you?
The diuell or your wicked angell blinds you,
Bereauing all your reason of a man.
And leaues you but the spirit of a horse,
In your brute nostrills: onely powre to dare. (me

Byr. VVhy, dost thou think, my comming here hath brought
To such an vnrecoverable danger?

Cap. Judge by the strange Ostents that haue succeeded,
Since your arriuall: the kinde fowle, the wildeduck,
That came into your cabinet, so beyond
The sight of all your seruants, or your selfe:
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat
And which you had so fed, and so attended;
For that dum loue shew'd you; iust as soone,
As you were parted, on the sodaine died.
And to make this no lesse then an Ostent;
Another that hath forsun'd since, confirmes it:
Your goodly horse *Pastrana*, which the Archduke,
Gaued you at Bruxells; in the very houre,
You left your strength, fel-mad, and kild himselfe;
The like chanc't to the horse the great duke sent you:
And, with both these, the horse the duke of Lorraine,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Sent you at, *Vimie* made a third presage,
Of some Inevitable fate that toucht you,
Who like the other pin'd away and died,

Byr. All these together are indeed ostentfull,
Which by another like, I can confirme:
The matchlesse Earle of *Essex* who some make,
(In their most sure diuinings of my death)
A parallell with me in life and fortune,
Had one horse like-wise that the very howre,
He sufferd death, (being well the night before)
Died in his pasture. Noble happy beasts,
That die, not hauing to their wills to liue:
They vse no deprecations, nor complaints.
Nor sute for mercy: amongst them the Lion,
Serues not the Lion; nor the horse the horse,
As man serues man: when men shew most their spirrits,
In valure and their vtmost dares to do;
They are compard to Lions, Woolues, and Bores,
But by conversion; None wiil say a Lyon,
Fights as he had the Spirrit of a man.
Let me then in my danger now giue cause,
For all men to begin that *Simile*.
For all my huge engagement, I prouide me,
This short sword onely; which if I haue time,
To shew my apprehendor, he shall vse
Power of tenne Lions if I get not loose.

Enter *Henry*, *Chancellor*, *Vidame*, *Iarin*, *Vitry*, *Pralix*.

Hen. What shall we doe with this vntankefull man?
Would he (of one thing) but reueale the truth,
Which I haue proofe of, vnderneath his hand,
He should not tast my Justice. I would giue,
Two hundred thousand crownes, that he would yeeld,
But such meanes for my pardon, as he should;
I neuer lou'd man like him: would haue trusted,
My Sonne in his protection, and my Realme:
He hath deseru'd my loue with worthy seruice,

Yee

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Yet can he not deny, but I haue thrice,
Sau'd him from death: I drew him of the foe.
At Fountaine Françoise where he was engag'd,
So wounded, and so much amaz'd with blowes,
That (as I playd the souldier in his rescue,)
I was enforc't to play the Marshall,
To order the retreat: because he said,
He was not fit to do it nor to serue me,

Cha. Your maiesty hath vs'd your vtmost meaneſſe,
Both by your owne perſuasions, and his friends
To bring him to ſubmiſſion, and confeſſe
(With ſome ſigne of repenitance) his foule fault:
Yet ſtill he ſtands preſtrac't and iſolent.
You haue in loue and care of his recouery
Beene halfe in labour to produce a courſe,
And reſolution, what were fit for him.
And ſince ſo ampli' it concerneſſe your crowne,
You muſt by law cut of, what by your graſce,
You cannot bring into the ſtate of ſafety,

Ian. Begin at th' end my Lord and execute,
Like Alexander with Parmerio.
Princes (you knowe) are Maifters of their lawes,
And may reſolute them to what forms they pleafe,
So all concludē in iuſtice; in whose ſtroke,
There is one ſort of manadge for the Great;
Another for inferiour: The great Mother,
Of all producſions (graue Necessity)
Comands the variation: And the profit;
So certenly fore-ſcene, commends the example.

Hen. I like not executions ſo informall,
For which my predeceſſors haue beene blam'd:
My Subiects and the world ſhall knowe; my powre,
And my authority by lawes vſuall courſe
Dares puniſh; not the deuiliſh heads of treaſon,
But there conſederates be they ne're ſo dreadfull.
The decent ceremonieſ of my lawes,
And their ſolemnities ſhall be obſerued;
With all their ſterneſſe and ſeueritie.

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

Vit: Where will your highnes haue him apprehended?

Hen: Not in the Castle (as some haue aduised)

But in his chamber;

Prat: Rather in your owne,

Or comming out of it; for tis assur'd

That any other place of apprehension,

Will make the hard performance, end in blood.

Vit: To shun this likely-hood, my Lord tis best

To make the apprehension neere your chamber;

For all respect and reverence giuen the place,

More then is needfull, to challice the person,

And sauе the opening of so many veines;

Is vain and dangerous.

Hen: Gather you your guard,

And I will finde fit time to giue the word,

When you shall seaze on him and on D'Avvergne;

Vit: Wee will be readie to the death; (my Lord) *Exeunt.*

Hen: O thou that gouernst the keene swords of Kings,

Direct my arme in this important stroke,

Or hold it being aduanc't; the weight of blood,

Euen in the basest subiect, doth exact

Deepe consultation, in the highest King;

For in one subiect, deaths yniust affrights,

Passions, and paines, (though he be n'ere so poore)

Aske more remorse, then the voluptuous spleenes

Of all Kings in the world, deserue respect;

Hee should be borne grey-headed that will beare

The sword of Empire; Judgement of the life,

Free state, and reputation of a man,

(If it be iust and worthy) dwells so darke

That it denies accessse to Sunne and Moone;

The soules eye, sharptned with that sacred light,

Of whome the Sunne it selfe is but a beaine,

Must onely giue that iudgement; O how much

Erre those Kings then, that play with life and death,

And nothing put into their serious States,

But humor and their lusts; For which alone

Men long for kingdomes; whose huge counterpoise;

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

In cares and dangers, could a foole comprise,
He would not be a King but would be wise;

Enter Byron talking with the Quene:
Esp: D'Entragues, D'Av: with another
Lady, others attending.

Hen: Heere comes the man, with whose ambitious head
(Cast in the way of *Treason*) we must stay
His full chace of our ruine and our Realme;
This houre shall take vpon her shady winges
His latest liberty and life to Hell.

D'Av: We are vndone?

Quene: Whats that?

Byr: I heard him not;

Hen: Madam y'are honord much, that Duke *Byron*
Is so obseruant; Some, to cardes with him,
You foure, as now you come, fit to *Primero*;
And I will fight a battayle at the *Chesse*;

Byr: A good safe fight beleue me; Other warre
Thirsts blood, and wounds; and his thirst quencht, is thankless;

Esp: Lift, and then cut;

Byr: Tis right the end of lifting,
When men are lifted to their highest pitch,
They cut of those that lifted them so high.

Qu: Apply you all these sports so seriously?

Byr: They first were from our serious acts deuise'd,
The best of which, are to the best but sports;
(I meane by best, the greatest) for their ends,
In men that serue them best, are their owne pleasures.

Qu: So, in those best mens seruices, their ends
Are their owne pleasures; passe.

Byr: I vy't;

Hen: I see't;

And wonder at his frontles impudence;

Exit Hen:

Chan: How speedes your Maiestie?

Qu: Well; the Duke instructs me
With such graue lessons of mortallitie

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Forc't out of our light sport ; that if I loose,
I cannot but speed well.

Byr. Some idle talke,
For Courtship sake, you know does not amisse.

Chan. Would we might heare some of it.

Byr. That you shall,
I cast away a card now, makes me thinke,
Of the deceased worthy King of Spaine.

Chan. What card was that?

Byr. The King of hearts (my Lord)
Whose name yeelds well the memorie of that King,
Who was indeed the worthy King of hearts,
And had both of his subiects hearts, and strangers,
Much more then all the Kings of Christendome.

Chan. He wun them with his gold.

Byr. He wun them chiefly,
With his so generall Pietie and Justice:
And as the little, yet great Macedon,
Was sayd with his humane philosophy,
To teach the rapefull Hyrcans, mariage;
And bring the barbarous Sogdians, to nourish,
Not kill their aged Parents; as before,
Th' incestuous Persians to reverence
Their mothers, not to vse them as their wiues;
The Indians to adore the Grecian Gods,
The Scythians to inter, not eate their Parents;
So he, with his diuine Philosophy,
(Which I may call his, since he chiefly vsd it)
In Turkey, India, and through all the world,
Expell'd prophane idolatry; and from earth,
Raistd temples to the highest: whom with the word,
He could not winne, he iustly put to sword,

Chan. He sought for gold, and Empire.

Byr. Twas Religion,
And her full propagation that he sought;

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

If gold had beeue his end, it had beeue hoorded,
When he had fetcht it in so many ficerets:
Which he spent not on *Median Luxurie*,
Banquets, and women; *Calidonian wine*,
Nor deare *Hyrcanian fishes*, but emploid it,
To propagate his Empire; and his Empire
Desir'd t'extend so, that he might withall,
Extend Religion through it, and all nations,
Reduce to one firme constitution,
Of Pietie, Justice, and one publique weale;
To which end he made all his matchles subiects
Make tents their castles, and their garifons;
True Catholikes contrimen; and their allies,
Heretikes, strangers, and their enimies.
There was in him the magnanimitie.

Montig. To temper your extreame applause (my Lord)
Shorten, and answere all things in a word,
The greatest commendation we can giue
To the remembrance of that King deceast;
Is, that he spar'd not his owne eldest sonne,
But put him iustly to a violent death,
Because, hee sought to trouble his estates.

Byr. Ist so?

Chas. That bit (my Lord) vpon my life,
Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze him.

*The King sodainely enters having
determined what
to doe.*

Hen. It is resolud,
A worke shall now be done,
Which, (while learnd *Atlas* shall with starres be crownd,
While th' Ocean walkes in stormes his wavy round,
While Moones at full, repaire theit broken rings;

While

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

While Lucifer fore-shewes Aurora's springs,
And Arlos stickes aboue the Earth vnmou'd,
Shall make my realme be blest, and me beloued;
Call in the count D'Anuergne.

Enter D'Anu.

A word my Lord.

Will you become as wilfull as your friend?
And draw a mortall iustice on your heads,
That hangs so blacke and is so loth to strike?
If you would vtter what I knowe you knowe,
Of his inhumaine treason; on Stronge Barre,
Betwixt his will, and duty were disfolud.
For then I know he would submit hiinselue;
Thinke you it not as stronge a point of faith,
To restifie your loyalties to me,
As to be trusty in ech others wrong?
Trust that deceiues our selues in treachery,
And Truth that truth conceales an open lie;

D'Anu. My Lord if I could vtter any thought,
Instructed with disloyalty to you,
And might light any safty to my friend;
Though mine owne heart came after it should out;

Hen. I knowe you may, and that your faith's affected
To one another, are so vaine and faulce,
That your owne Strengths will ruine you: ye contend,
To cast vp rampiers to you in the sea,
And striue to stop the waues that runne before you,

D'Anu. All this my Lord to me is misery.

Hen. It is; I'll make it plaine enouge. Beleeue me.
Come my Lord Chancellor let vs end our mate.

Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron.

Var. You are vndone my Lord; Exit.

Byr. Is it possible?

Que. Play good my Lord: whom looke you for?

Esp. Your mind,

Is not vpon your Game,

Byr. Play, pray you play,

Hen. Enough, tis late, and time to leaue our play,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

On all hands ; all forbeare the toome my Lord?
Stay you with me ; yet is your will resolued,
To dewty, and the maine bond of your life?
I sweare (of all th' Intrusions I haue made,
Upon your owne good , and continew'd fortunes)
This is the last; informe me yet the truth,
And here I vow to you, (by all my loue;
By all meanes shouneyou, euen to this extreame,
When all men else forsake you) you are safe.
What passages haue slipt twixt count *Fuentes*,
You, and the Duke of *Sanoye*?

Byr. Good my Lord.

This nayle is driuen already past the head,
You much haue ouerchargd, an honest man:
And I beseech you yeld my Inocence iustice,
(But with my single valure) against them all,
That thus haue poisoned your opinion of me,
And let me take my vengeance by my sword:
For I protest, I neuer thought an Action,
More then my tongue hath vtterd.

Hen. Would twere true.

And that your thoughts and deeds, had fell no fouler.
But you disdaine submision , not remembryng,
That (in intentes vrdgd for the common good)
He that shall hould his peace being chardgd to speake:
Doth all the peace and nerues of Empire breake
Which on your conscience lie , adieu, good night. *Exit.*

Byr. Kings hate to heare what they command men speake,
Aske life, and to desert of death ye yeld.
Where Medicins loath, it yrcks men to be heald,

Enter Vitry, with two or three of the Guard, Esper, Vidame,
following. Vitry layes hand on Byrons sword.

Vyt. Resigne your sword (my Lord) the King commands it,

Byr. Me to resigne my sword ? what king is he,
Hath vsd it better for the realme then I?

My sword , that all the warres within the length,
Breadth and the whole dimenfions of great *France*,
Hath sheathd betwixt his hilt and horrid point?

O

And

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

And fixt ye all in such a florishing Peace?
My sword that neuer enimie could inforce,
Bereft me by my friendes? Now, good my Lord,
Beseech the King, I may resigne my sword,
To his hand onely.

Enter Ianin.

Ianin: You must do your office,
The King commands you;

Vit: Tis in vaine to striue,
For I must force it;

Byron: Haue I n'ere a friend,
That beares another for me? All the Guard?
What will you kill me? will you smother here
His life that can command, and saue in field,
A hundred thousand lives? For man-hood sake;
Lend something to this poore forsaken hand;
For all my seruice, let me haue the honor
To dye defending of my innocent selfe,
And haue some little space to pray to God.

Enter Henry.

Hen: Come, you are an Atheist *Byron*, and a Traytor,
Both foule and damnable; Thy innocent selfe?

No Leper is so buried quicke in vlcers;

As thy corrupted soule: Thou end the war?

Aud settle peace in France? what war hath rag'd,

Into whose fury I haue not expos'd,

My person; which is as free a spirit as thine?

Thy worthy Father, and thy selfe, combin'd,

And arm'd in all the merits of your valoris;

(Your bodyes thrust amidst the thickest fightis;)

Neuer were bristeld with so many battayles,

Nor on the foe haue broke such woods of Launces;

As grew vpon my thigh; and I haue Marshall;

I am ashamed to braggethus; where envy

And arrogancie, their opposit Bulwarke raise;

Men are allow'd to vse their proper praise;

Away with him; *Exit Henry.*

Syr: Away with him? liue I?

And

BY RONS TRAGEDIE.

And here my life thus sleighted ? cursed man,
That euer the intelligensing lights
Betraide me to mens whorish fellowships;
To Princes Moorish slaueries ; To be made
The Anuille , on which onely blowes , and woundes
Were made the seed, and wombs of others honors;
A property for a Tyrant, to set vp,
And piffe downe, with the vapour of his breath;
Will you not kill me ?

Vit.: No; we will not hurt you,
We are comanded onely to conduct you
Into your lodgning;

Byr.: To my lodgning ? where ?

Vit.: Within the Cabynet of Armes my Lord :

Byr.: What to a prison ? Death ; I will not go;

Vit.: Weele force you then ;

Byr.: And take away my sword ;

A proper point of force ; ye had as good,
Haue rob'd me of my soule ; Slaues of my Starrs,
Partiall and bloody ; O that in mine eyes
Were all the Sorcerous poyson of my woes,
That I might witch ye headlong from your height,
And trample ou't, your excrable light.

Vit.: Come will you go my Lord ? this rage is vain;

Byr.: And so is all your graue autherity;
And that all France shall feele before I Die;
Ye see all how they vse good Catholiques;

Esp.: Farewell for ever; so haue I desern'd
An exhalation that would be a Starre
Fall when the Sunne forsooke it, in a sincke.
Shooes euer ouerthrow that are too large,
And hugest canons , burst with ouercharge.

D'Avuergne, Pralin, following with a Guard.

Pra.: My Lord I haue commandment from the King,
To charge you go with me, and aske your sword;

D'Av.: My sword, who feares it ? it was n'ere the death
Of any but wilde Bores; I piithee take it;

Hadst thou aduertis'd this when last we met,
I had bene in my bed, and fast asleepe

Two houres a goe; lead; ile go where thou wilt: Exit.

Vid.: See how he beares his crosse, with his small strength,
On easier shoulders then the other *Atlas*.

Esp.: Strength to aspire, is still accompanied
With weakenes to indure; All popular gifts,
Are coullors, it will beare no vineger;
And rather to aduerse affaires, betray;
Thine arme against them; his State still his best
That hath most inward worth; and that's best tryed,
That neither glories, nor is glorified.

Actus. 5. Scæna. 1.

Henry, Soissans, Ianin, Descures, cum aliis.

Hen.: What shall we thinke (my Lords) of these new forces
That (from the King of Spaine) hath past the Alps?
For which (I thinke) his Lord Ambassador,
Is come to Court, to get their passe for Flanders?

Ian.: I thinke (my Lord) they haue no end for Flanders;
Cont *Maurice* being allready entred Brabant
To passe to Flanders, to relieue Ostend,
And th' Arch-duke full prepar'd to hinder him;
And sure it is that they must measure forces,
Which (ere this new force could haue past the Alps)
Of force must be incountred.

Soiss.: Tis vnlikely,
That their march hath so large an ayme as Flanders;

Desc.: As these times sort, they may haue shorter reaches;
That would pierce further;

Hen.: I haue bene aduertis'd,
That Cont *Fuentes* (by whose meanes this army
Was lately leuied; And whose hand was strong,
In thrusting on *Byrons* conspiracie)
Hath caus'd these cunning forces to aduance,
With coullor onely to set downe in Flanders;
But hath intentionall respect to sauer

And

And

And countnance his false Partizans in Bresse,
 And friendes in Burgondie; to giue them hart
 For the full taking of their hearts from me;
 Be as it will; we shall preuent theyr worst;
 And therefore call in Spaines Ambassidor,

Enter Ambassador with others.

What would the Lord Ambassador of Spaine?

Ambo: First (in my maisters name) I would beseech
 Your highnes hearty thought; That his true hand,
 (Held in your vowl amities) hath not toucht,
 At any least point in *Byrons* offence;
 Nor once had notice of a cryme so foule;
 Whereof, since he doubts not, you stand resolu'd,
 He prayes your Leagues continuance in this fauor;
 That the arny he hath rais'd to march for Flanders,
 May haue safe passage by your frontier townes,
 And finde the Riuet free, that runs by Rhosne.

Hen: My Lord my frontiers shall not be disarm'd,
 Till, by araignement of the Duke of *Byron*,
 My scruples are resolu'd; and I may know
 In what account to hold your Maisters faith,
 For his obseruance of the League betwixt vs;
 You wish me to beleue that he is cleare
 From all the proiects cauf'd by *Cont Fuentes*,
 His speciall Agent; But where, deedes, pull downe,
 Words, may repaire, no faith; I scarce can thinke
 That his gold was so bounteously employd;
 Without his speciall counsaile, and command:
 These faint proceedings in our Royall faiths,
 Make subiects proue so faithlesse: If because,
 We sit aboue the danger of the lawes,
 We likewise lift our Armes aboue their iustice;
 And that our heauenly Soueraigne, bounds not vs
 In those religious confines; out of which
 Our iustice and our true lawes are inform'd;
 In vaine haue we expectance that our subiects,
 Should not as well presume to offend their Earthly,
 As we our Heauenly Soueraigne? And this breach
 Made in the Forts of all Society;

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Of all celestiall, and humane respects,
Makes no strengths of our bounties, counsailes armes,
Hold out against their treasons ; and the rapes
Made of humanitie, and religion,
In all mens moire then *Pagan* liberties,
Atheismes, and slaueries will deriue their springs
From their base Presidents, copied out of kings.
But all this, shall not make me breake the commerce,
Authorisde by our treaties ; let your Armie
Take the direstest passe, it shal goe safe.

Amb. So rest your highnesse euer ; and assurde
That my true Soueraigne, lothes all opposite thoughts.

Hen. Are our dispatches made to all the kings,
Princes, and Potentates, of Christendome ?
Ambassadors and Prouince gouernors,
T'enforme the truth of this conspiracie ?

Ian. They all are made my Lord, and some giue out,
That 'tis a blow giuen to religion,
To weaken it, in ruining of him,
That said, he neuer wisht more glorious title,
Then to be call'd the scourge of *Hugenots*.

Soiff. Others that are like faourers of the fault,
Said 'tis a politique aduise from *England*,
To breake the feared Iauelins, both together.

Hen. Such shut their eyes to truth, we can but set
His lights before them, and his trumpet sound
Close to their eares ; their partiall wilfulness,
In resting blinde, and deafe, or in peruerting,
What ther most certaine fences apprehend,
Shall naught discomfert our impartiall iustice.
Nor cleere the desperat fault that doth enforce it. *Enter Vyt.*

Vyt. The Peeres of *France* (my Lord) refuse t'appeare,
At the arraignment of the Duke *Byron*.

Hen. The Court may yet proceed ; and so command it,
'Tis not their slacknesse to appeare shall serue,
To let my will t'appeare in any fact,
Wherein the bouldest of them, tempts my iustice.
I am resolu'd, and will no more endure,
To haue my subiects make what I command,

The

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

The subiect of their oppositions,
Who euer more slack their allegiance,
As kings forbear their penance; how sustaine
Your prisoners their strange durance?

Vit. One of them,

(Which is the Count D'Avuergne) hath merty spirits,
Eates well and sleepes: and neuer can imagine,
That any place where he is, is a prison;
Where on the other part, the Duke Byron,
Enterd his prison, as into his graue,
Reiects all food, sleepes not, nor once lyes downe:
Furie hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with thornes,
That rest can haue no entry: he disdaines
To grace the prison with the slendrest shew,
Of any patience, least men should conceiue,
He thought his sufferance in the best sort fit;
And holds his bands so worthlesse of his worth,
That he empaires it, to vouchsafe to them,
The best part of the peace, that freedom owes it:
That patience therein, is a willing flauerie,
And (like the Cammell) stoopes to take the load:
So still he walkes: or rather as a Byrde,
Enterd a Closet, which vnwares is made,
His desperate prison (being pursude) amazd,
And wrathfull beates his brest from wall to wall,
Assaults the light, strikes downe himselfe, not oug,
And being taken, stiuggles, gaspes, and bites,
Takes all his takers strokings, to be strokes,
Abhorreth food, and with a fauadge will,
Frets, pines, and dyes, for former libertie.
So fares the wrathfull Duke; and when the strength
Of these dumbe rages, breake out into sounds,
He breaths defiance, to the world, and bids vs,
Make our selues drunke, with the remaining bloud
Of fiftie and thirty wounds receiud in fight,
For vs and ours; for we shall neuer brag,
That we haue made his spirits check at death:
This rage in walkes and words; but in his lookes

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

He commentts all: and prints a world of bookeſ,

Hen. Let others learne by him to curb their spleenes,
Before they be curb'd; and to ceaſe their grudges:

Now I am ſetled in my Sunne of height,
The circulare ſplendor, and full Sphere of State.

Take all place vp from enuy: as the ſunne,

At height, and paſſiuſe ore the crownes of men,

His beames diſfuſd, and downe-right pourd on them,

Cast but a little or no ſhade at all,

So he that is aduanc'd aboue the heads,

Of all his Emulators, with high light,

Preuents their enuies, and deprives them quite,

Exeunt.

Enter the Chancellor, Harlay, Potiers, Fleury,

in ſcarlet gownes, Laffin, Descures, with

other officers of State.

Cha. I wonder at the prisoners ſo long ſtay,

Har. I thinke it may be made a queſtion,

If his impaciencē will let him come.

Pot. Yes, he is now well ſtayd: Time and his Judgment,
Haue caſt his paſſion and his feuer of.

Fleu. His feuer may be paſt, but for his paſſions.
I feare me we ſhall find it ſpic'd to hotly,
With his ould poulder.

Def. He is ſure come forth;
The Caroſſe of the Marquis of Rhofny
Conducted him along to th' Arcenall,
Close to the Riuer-side: and there I ſaw him,
Enter a barge couered with Tapiftry,
In which the kings gards waited and receiued him.
Stand by there cleere the place,

Cha. The prisoner coimes.

My Lord Laffin forbeare your ſight a while,
It may incenſe the prisoner: who will know,
By your attendance neare vs, that your hand,
Was chiefe in his diſcouery; which as yet,
I thinke he doth not doubt,

Laf. I will forbeare,
Till your good pleaſures call me,

Exit Laf.

Har.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Hen. When he knowes
And sees *Laffin*, accuse him to his face,
The Court I thinke will shake with his distemper.

Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a guarde.

Vit. You see my Lord, 'tis in the golden chamber.

Bry. The golden chamber? where the greatest Kings
Haue thought them honor'd to receiue a place :
And I haue had it; am I come to stand
In ranke and habite here of men arraignd,
Where I haue sat assistant, and beene honord,
With glorious title of the chiefest vertuous,
Where the Kings chiefe Solicitor hath said,
There was in *France*, no man that euer liu'd,
Whose parts were worth my imitation ;
That, but mine owne worth ; I could imitate none :
And that I made my selfe inimitable,
To all that could conie after ; whom this Court
Hath seene to sit vpon the Flower de Lice
In recompence of my renowned seruice.
Must I be sat on now, by petty Judges ?
These Scarlet robes, that come to sit and fight
Against my life ; dismay my valure more,
Then all the bloudy Cassocks *Spaine* hath brought
To field against it.

Vit. To the barre my Lord.

*He salutes, and stands
to the barre.*

Har. Read the inditement.

Chan. Stay, I will inuert

(For shortnesse sake) the forme of our proceedings,
And out of all the points, the processe holds,
Collect fiue principall, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferd with one, cald *Picote*,
At *Orleance* borne, and into *Flanders* fled,
To hold intelligence by him with the Archduke,
And for two voyages to that effect,
Bestowd on him, fiue hundred, fiftie crowns.

2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of *Sauoy*,
Without the Kings permision ; offering him
All seruice and assistance gainst all men,

BY-RONS. TRAGEDY.

In hope to haue in marriage, his third daughter.

3. Thirdly you held intelligence with the Duke,
At taking in of *Bourge*, and other Forts ;
Aduising him, with all your preiudice,
Gainst the Kings armie, and his royll person.

4. The fourth is ; that you would haue brought the King,
Before Saint *Katherines* Fort, to be there slaine :
And to that end writ to the Gouernor,
In which you gaue him notes to know his highnesse.

5. Fiftly, you sent *Lassin* to treate with *Sauoy*,
And with the Count *Fuentes*, of more plots,
Touching the ruine of the King and realme..

Byr. All this (my Lord) I answer, and deny :
And first for *Picoté* ; he was my prisoner,
And therefore I might well conferre with him :
But that our conference tended to the Arch-duke,
Is nothing so ; I onely did employ him
To Captaine *La Fortune*, for the reduction
Of *Seurre*, to the seruice of the King.
Who vsd such speedy dilligence therein,
That shortly 'twas assur'd his Maiestie,

2. Next, for my treaties with the Duke of *Sauoy*,
Roncas his Secretarie, hauing made
A motion to me, for the Dukes third daughter,
I tolde it to the King ; who hauing since,
Giuen me the vnderstanding by *La Force*,
Of his dislike ; I neuer dreamd of it.

3. Thirdly, for my intelligence with the Duke,
Aduising him against his Highnesse armie :
Had this beene true, I had not vndertaken
Th'assault of *Bourg*, against the Kings opinion,
Hauing assistance but by them about me :
And (hauing wunne it for him) had not beene
Put out of such a gouernment so easily.

4. Fourthly, for my aduise to kill the King ;
I would beseech his Highnesse memory,
Not to let slip, that I alone diswaded
His viewing of that Fort ; informing him,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

It had good marke-men; and he could not goe,
But in exceeding danger, which aduise
Diuerted him: the rather, since I said,
That if he had desire to see the place
He should receiue from me a Plot of it;
Offering to take it with fiuе hundred men,
And I my selfe would go to the assault.

5. And lastly, for intelligences held,
With *Sauoy* and *Fuentes*: I confessé,
That being denyed to keepe the Cytadell,
Which with incredible perill I had got,
And seeing another, honor'd with my spoiles,
I grew so desperate that I found my spirit,
Enrag'd to any act, and wisht my selfe,
Couer'd with bloud.

Chan. With whose bloud?

Byr. With mine owne;
Wishing to liue no longer, being denyed,
With such suspition of me, and set will,
To rack my furious humor into bloud.
And for two moneths space, I did speake, and wright,
More then I ought; but haue done euer well,
And therefore your enformers haue beene false.
And (with intent to tyranize) subornd.

Flew. What if our witnessses come face to face,
And iustifie much more then we alledge?

Byr. They must be hyrelings then, and men corrupted.

Pot. What thinke you of *La Fin*?

Byr. I hold *La Fin*,
An honor'd Gentleman, my friend and kinsman.

Har. If he then agrauate, what we affirme,
With greater accusations to your face,
What will you say?

Byr. I know it cannot be.

Chan. Call in my Lord *La Fin*.

Byr. Is he so neere?
And kept so close from me? can all the world,
Make him a treacher. *Enter La Fin.*

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

Char. I suppose my Lord,

You haue not stood within ; without the eare
Of what hath heere beeene vrgd against the Duke ;
If you haue heard it, and vpon your knowledge
Can witnesse all is true, vpon your soule ;
Vtter your knowledge.

Laffi. I haue heard my Lord,
All that hath past here ; and vpon my soule,
(Being chargd so vrgently in such a Court)
Vpon my knowledge I affirme all true ;
And so much more : as had the prisoner liues
As many as his yeares, would make all forfaite.

Byr. O all yee vertuous powers, in earth and heauen,
That haue not put on hellish flesh and blood,
From whence these monstrous issues are produc'd,
That cannot beare in execrable concord,
And one prodigious subiect ; contraries ;
Nor (as the Ile that of the world admirde)
Is seuerd from the world) can cut your selues
From the consent and sacred hermonie
Of life, yet liue ; of honor, yet be honord ;
As this extrauagant, and errant roge,
From all your faire *Decorums*, and iust lawes,
Findes powre to doe : and like a lothesome wen,
Sticks to the face of nature, and this Court ;
Thicken this ayre, and turne your plaguic rage,
Into a shape as dismall as his sinne.
And with some equall horror teare him of
From sight and memory : let not such a court,
To whose fame all the Kings of Christendome,
Now laid their eares ; so crack her royall Trumpe,
As to sound through it, that here wanted iustice
Was got in such an incest : is it iustice
To tempt, and witch a man, to breake the law,
And by that witch condemne him ? let me draw
Poison into me with this cursed ayre,
If he bewitcht me, and transformd me not ;
He bit me by the eare, and made me drinke

Enchan-

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Enchanted waters ; let me see an Image
That vtterd these distin&t words ; *Thou shalt dye,*
O wicked King ; and if the diuill gaue him
Such powre vpon an Image ; vpon me
How might he tyrannize ? that by his vowes
And othes so Stygian , had my Nerues and will,
In more awe then his owne : what man is he
That is so high , but he would higher be ?
So roundly sighted, but he may be found,
To haue a blinck side, which by craft, persude,
Confederacie, and simply trusted treason,
May wrest him past his Angell, and his reason ?

Chan. Witchcraft can neuer taint an honest minde.

Harl. True gold, will any triall stand, vntoucht.

Pot. For coulours that will staine when they are tryed,
The cloth it selfe is euer cast aside.

Byr. Some-times, the very Glosse in any thing,
Will seeme a staine ; the fault not in the light,
Nor in the guilty obiect, but our sight.
My glosse, raisd from the richnesse of my stufte,
Had too much splendor for the Owly eye,
Of politique and thanklesse royltie:
I did deserue too much ; a plurisie
Of that blood in me is the cause I dye.
Vertue in great men must be small and sleight :
For poore starres rule, where she is exquisite,
Tis tyrannous, and impious policie,
To put to death by fraude and trecherie ;
Sleight is then royll, when it makes men liue,
And if it vrge faults, vrgeth to forgiue.

He must be guiltlesse, that condemnes the guiltie,
Like things, do nourish like, and not destroy them :
Mindes must be found, that iudge affaires of weight,
And seeing hands, cut corosiuers from your sight.
A Lord intelligencer ? hangman-like,
Thrust him from humaine fellowship, to the desarts
Blowe him with curses ; shall your iustice call
Treacherie her Father ? would you wish her weigh

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

My valure with the hisse of such a viper?
What I haue done to shunne the mortall shame,
Of so vniust an opposition;
My eniuious starres cannot deny me this,
That I may make my Judges witnesses;
And that my wretched fortunes haue reseru'd
For my last comfort; yee all know (my Lords)
This body gasht with ffeue and thirty wounds,
Whose life and death you haue in your award,
Holds not a veine that hath not opened beene,
And which I would not open yet againe,
For you and yours; this hand that writ the lines
Alledgd against me; hath enacted still,
More good then there it onely talkt of ill.
I must confesse my choller hath transferd
My tender spleene to all intemperate speech:
But reason euer did my deeds attcnd.
In worth of praise, and imitation,
Had I borne any will to let them loose,
I could haue flesht them with bad seruices,
In *England* lately, and in *Switzerland*:
There are a hundred Gentlemen by name,
Can witnesse my demeanure in the first;
And in the last Ambassage I adiure
No other testimonies then the Seigneurs
D^r Vic, and *Sillerie*; who amply know,
In what sort, and with what fidelitie
I bore my selfe; to reconcile and knit,
In one desire so many wils disioynde,
And from the Kings allegiance quite with-drawne.
My acts askt many men, though done by one.
And I were but one, I stood for thousands,
And still I hold my worth, though not my place:
Nor sleight me, Judges, though I be but one,
One man, in one sole expedition,
Reduc'd into th'imperiall powre of *Rome*,
Armenia, *Pontus*, and *Arabia*, *Syria*, *Albania*, and *Iberia*,
Conquerd th'*Hircanians*; and to *Caucasus*,
His arme extended; the *Nunidians*

And

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

And *Affrick* to the shores Meridionall,
His powre subiected ; and that part of *Spaine*
Which stood from those parts that *Sertorius* rulde,
Euen to the *Atlantique* Sea he conquered.
Th' *Albanian* kings, he from the kingdoms chac'd,
And at the *Caspian* Sea, their dwellings plac'd :
Of all the Earths globe, by powre and his aduice,
The round-eyd Ocean saw him victor thrice :
And what shall let me (but your cruell doome,)
To adde as much to *France*, as he to *Rome*,
And to leaue Justice neither Sword nor word,
To vse against my life ; this Senate knowes,
That what with one victorious hand I tooke,
I gaue to all your vses, with another :
With this I tooke, and propt the falling kingdome,
And gaue it to the King : I haue kept
Your lawes of state from fire ; and you your selues,
Fixt in this high Tribunall ; from whose height
The vengefull Saturnals of the League
Had hurld yee head-long ; doe yee then returnte
This retribution ? can the crueli King,
The kingdome, lawes, and you, (all sau'd by me)
Destroy their fauer ? what (aye me) I did
Aduerse to this ; this damnd Enchanter did,
That tooke into his will, my motion ;
And being banck-route both of wealth and worth,
Pursued with quarrels, and with suites in law ;
Feard by the kingdome ; threatned by the king ;
Would raise the loathed dung-hill of his ruines,
Vpon the monumentall heape of mine :
Torne with possessed whirle-winds may he dye,
And dogs barke at his murtherous memory,

Chan. My Lord, our liberall sufferance of your speech,
Hath made it late ; and for this Session,
We will dismisse you ; take him back my Lord. *Exit Kit.*

Har. You likewise may depart. *Exit Laffin.* *Byron.*

Chan. What resteth now
To be decreed gainst this great prisoner ?
A mighty merit, and a monstrous crime,

Are.

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Are here concurrent; what by witnessses;
His letters and instructions, we haue prou'd
Himselfe confesseth, and excuseth all
With witch-craft, and the onely act of thought.
For witch-craft I esteeme it a meere strength
Of rage in him conceiu'd gainst his accuser;
Who being exaininde hath denied it all;
Suppose it true, it made him false; But wills
And worthy mindes, witch-craft can neuer force.
And for his thoughts that brake not into deeds;
Time was the cause, not will; the mindes free act
In treason still is Iudgd as th' outward fact.
If his deserts haue had a wealthy share,
In sauing of our land from ciuill furies:
Manlius had so that saft the Capitoll;
Yet for his after traiterous factions,
They threw him head-long from the place he sau'd.
My definite sentence then, doth this import:
That we must quench the wilde-fire with his bloud,
In which it was so traiterously inflam'd;
Vnlesse with it, we seeke to incence the land,
The King can haue no refuge for his life,
If his be quitted: this was it that made
Lewis th' eleuenth renounce his countrymen,
And call the valiant *Scots* out of their kingdoime,
To vse their greater vertues, and their faiths,
Then his owne subiects, in his royll guarde:
What then conclude your censures?

Omnes. He must dye.

Chan. Draw then his sentence, formally, and send him;
And so all treasons in his death attend him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Byron, Espernon, Soisson, Ianin,
Vidame, Descures.*

Vit. I joy you had so good a day my Lord.

Byr. I wone it from them all: the Chancellor
I answerd to his vttermost improuements:
I mou'd my other Judges to lament
My insolent misfortunes; and to lothe

The

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The pockie soule, and state-bawde, my accuser,
I made replie to all that could be said,
So eloquently, and with such a charme,
Of graue enforcements, that me thought I sat,
Like *Orpheus* casting reynes on sauage beasts;
At the armes end (as twere) I tooke my barre
And set it farre aboue the high tribunall,
Where like a Cedar on Mount Lebanon,
I Grew, and made my iudges shew like Box-trees,
And Boxtrees right, their wishes would haue made them,
Whence boxes should haue growne, till they had strooke
My head into the budget: but ahlas,
I held their bloudy armes, with such strong reasons;
And (by your leauue) with such a iyrck of wit:
That I fetcht bloud vpon the Chancelors cheekes,
Me thinkes I see his countinancie as he sat;
And the most lawierly deliuery
Of his set speeches: shall I play his part? Enter Soiff: Esp;
Esp: For heauens sake, good my Lord.

Byr. I will ifaith,
Behold a wicked man: A man debaucht,
A man, contesting with his King; A man,
On whom (my Lords) we are not to conniue,
Though we may condole: A man:
That *Laſa Maiestate*, sought a lease,
Of *Plus quam satis*. A man that *vi et armis*
Assaileld the King; and would *per fas et nefas*,
Aspire the kingdome: here was lawiers learning.

Esp: He said not this my Lord, that I haue heard.
Byr. This or the like, I sweare, I pen no speeches.
Soiff. Then there is good hope of your wisht acquitall.
Byr. Acquitall? they haue reason; were I dead
I know they can not all supply my place;
Is't possible the King should be so vaine,
To thinke he can shake me with feare of death?
Or make me apprehend that he intends it?
Thinkest he to make his firmest men, his clowds?
The clowdes (obſeuing their *Ærial natures*)
Are borne aloft, and then to moisture hang'd,

BYTRONS TRAGEDIE.

Fall to the earth ; where being made thick, and cold,
They loose both al their heate, and leuitie ;
Yet then againe recouering heate and lightnesse,
Againe they are aduanc't : and by the Sunne
Made fresh and glorious ; and since clowdes are rapt
With these vncertainties : now vp, now downe,
Am I to flit so with his smile, or froune ?

Eſp. I wish your comforts, and incoradgments,
May spring out of your ſaſtie ; but I heare
The King hath reaſond ſo againſt your life,
And made your moſt friends yeeld ſo to his reaſons,
That your eſtate is fearefull.

Byr. Yeeldt' his reaſons ?

O how friends reaſons, and their freedomes ſtretch,
When powre ſets his wide tenters to their ſides !
How, like a cure, by mere opinion,
It workes vpon our bloud ? like th' antient Gods
Are Moderne Kings, that liu'd paſt bounds themſelues,
Yet ſet a meaſure downe, to wretched men :
By many Sophiſmes, they made good, deceipt ;
And, ſince they paſt in powre, ſurpaſt, in right :
When Kings wills paſſe ; the ſtarres wiſk, and the Sunne,
Suffers eclipses : rude thunder yeelds to them
His horrid wings : ſits ſinoothe as glaſſe engazd,
And lightning ſlicks twixt heauen and earth amazd :
Mens faiſths are shaken : and the pit of truth
O'reflowes with darkenesſe, in which Iuſtice ſits,
And keepes her vengeaſce tied to make it fierce ;
And when it comes, th' encreaſed horrors ſhowe,
Heauen's plague is ſure, though full of ſtate, and ſlowe.

Sift. O my deare Lord and brother,
O the Duke ?

Byr. What ſounds are theſe my Lord ? hark, hark, me thinks.
I heare the cries of people.

Eſp. Tis for one,
Wounded in fight here at Saint Anthonies Gates
Byr. Sfoote, one cried the Duke : I pray harken,
Againe, or burſt your ſelues with ſilence, no :
What contriman's the common headſman here ?

Soff.

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Boiss. He's a Bourgonian.

Byr. The great deuill he is,

The bitter wizerd told me, a Burgonian,

Should be my headsman; strange concurrences:

S'death whose here? Enter 4. Ushers bare, Chanc: Har: Pot:

O then I am but dead, Fleur: Vit: Pralin, with others.

Now, now ye come all to pronounce my sentence.

I am condemn'd vnjustly: tell my kinsfolkes,

I die an innocent:

If any friend pittie the ruine of the States sustainer

Proclaime my innocence; ah Lord Chancelor,

Is there no pardon? will there come no mercie?

I put your hat on, and let me stand bare,

Showe your selfe right a Lawier.

Chan. I am bare,

What would you haue me do?

Byr. You haue not done,

Like a good iustice; and one that knew

He sat vpon the precious bloud of vertue;

Y'au pleasd the cruell King, and haue not borne,

As great regard to saue as to condemne;

You haue condemn'd me, my Lord Chancelor,

But God acquites me; he will open lay

All your close treasons against him, to collour

Treasons layd to his truest images;

And you my Lord shall answere this iniustice,

Before his iudgement seate: to which I summon

In one yeare and a daie your hot apparanse;

I goe before, by mens corrupted domes;

But they that caus'd my death, shall after come

By the imaculate iustice of the highest.

Chan. Well, good my Lord, commend your soule to him,

And to his mercie, thinke of that, I pray.

Byr. Sir, I haue thought of it, and euery nowre,

Since my affliction, askt on naked knees

Patience to beare your vnbeleeu'd Iniustice:

But you, nor none of you haue thought of him,

In my euiction: y'are come to your benches,

With plotted iudgements; your linckt cares so lowd,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Sing with preiudicate windes, that neught is heard,
Of all, pore prisoners vrge gainst your award;

Har. Passion, my Lord, transports your bitterness,
Beyond all colour; and your propper iudgement:
No man hath knowne your merits more then I;
And would to God your great misdedes had beene,
As much vndone, as they haue beene concealde;
The cries of them for iustice (in desert)
Haue beene so lowd and piersing; that they deafned
The eares of mercie; and haue labord more,
Your Judges to compresse then to enforce them.

Pot. We bring you here yout sentence, will you reade it.

Byr. For heauens sake, shame to vse me with such rigor;
I know what it imports, and will not haue,
Mine eare blowne into flames with hearing it;
Haue you beene one of them that haue condemn'd me?

Flen. My Lord I am your Orator: God comfort you.

Byr. Good Sir, my father lou'd you so entirely,
That if you haue beene one, my soule forgives you;
It is the King (most childish that he is)
That takes what he hath giuen) that iniutes me:
He gaue grace in the first draught of my fault,
And now restaines it: grace againe I aske;
Let him againe vouchsafe it: send to him;
A post will soone returne: the Queene of England,
Told me that if the wilfull Earle of Essex,
Had vsd submision, and but askt her mercie,
She would haue giuen it, past resumption;
She (like a gratiouse Princesse) did desire
To pardon him: euен as she praid to God,
He would let doun a pardon vnto her;
He yet was guiltie, I am innocent:
He still refusd grace, I importune it.

Chan. This askt in time (my Lord) while he besought it,
And ere he had made his seuerity knowne,
Had (with much ioye to him) I know beene granted;

Byr. No, no, his bountie, then was misery,
To offer when he knewt would be refusde;

He

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

He treads the vulgar pache of all aduantage,
And loues men, for his vices, nor for their vertues;
My seruice would haue quickn'd gratitude,
In his owne death, had he beene truely royall;
It would haue stirr'd the image of a King,
In to perpetuall motion ; to haue stood
Neere the conspiracie restraint at Mantes;
And in a danger, that had then the Woulfe,
To flie vpon his bosome, had I onely held
Intelligence with the conspirators;
Who stuck at no check but my loyaltie,
Nor kept life in their hopes, but in my death;
The seege of Amiens, would haue softned rocks,
Where couer'd all in showers of shot and fire,
I seem'd to all mens eyes a fighting flame
With bullets cut, in fashion of a man;
A sacrifice to valure (impious King).
Which he will needes extinguish, with my bloud;
Let him beware, iustice will fall from heauen,
In the same forme I serued in that seege,
And by the light of that, he shall decerne,
What good, my ill hath brought him ; it will nothing,
Assure his State : the same quench he hath cast
Vpon my life, shall quite put out his fame;
This day he looseth, what he shall not finde,
By all daies he suruiues ; so good a seruant,
Nor Spaine so great a foe ; with whom, ahlas,
Because I treated am I put to death.
Tis put a politique glose: my courage rais'd me,
For the deare price of fife and thirtie skarres,
And that hath ruin'd me, I thankē my Starres:
Come ile goe where yee will, yee shall not lead me.

Chan. I feare his frenzie,
Neuer saw I man of such a spirit so amaz'd at death.

Har. He alters euery minute : what a vapor ?
The strongest minde is to a storme of crosses. *Exeunt.*

Manent Esper: Soisson: Janin: Vidame, D'eschres.

Esp. O of what contraries consists a man !
Of what impossible mixtures ? vice and vertue,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Corruption, and eternnesse, at one time,
And in one subiect, let together, loosse?
We haue not any strength but weakens vs,
No greatnes but doth crush vs into ayre.
Our knowledges, do light vs but to erre,
Our Ornamentes are Burthens: Our delightss
Are our tormentors; fiendes that (raisd in feares)
At parting shake our Roofes about our eares.

Sei. O vertue, thou art now farre worse then Fortune!
Her giftes stucke by the Duke, when thine are vanisht,
Thou brau'st thy friend in Neede: Necessity,
That vsd to keepeth thy welth, contempt, thy loue,
Haue both abandond thee in his extremes,
Thy powers are shadowes, and thy comfort, dreames,

Vid. O reall goodnessse if thou be a power!
And not a word alone, in humaine vses,
Appere out of this angry conflagration,
Where this great Captaine (thy late Temple) burns,
And turne his vicious fury to thy flame,
From all earths hopes mere guilded with thy fame:
Let pietie enter with her willing crosse,
And take him on it; ope his brest and armes,
To all the Storms, Necessity can breath,
And burst them all with his embraced death,

Ian. Yet are the ciuille tumults of his spirits,
Hot and outragiouse: not resolued, *Ahlas*,
(Being but one man) render the kingdomes dome;
He doubts, stormes, threatens, rues, complains, implores,
Griefe hath brought all his forces to his lookes,
And nought is left to strengthen him within,
Nor lasts one habite of those greeu'd aspects:
Blood expells palenesse, palenes Blood doth chace,
And sorrow erris through all forms in his face,

Def. So furicose is he, that the Politique law,
Is inuch to seeke, how to enact her sentence:
Authoriy backt with arms, (though he vnarind)
Abhorr his furie, and with doubtfull eyes,
Views on what ground it should sustaine his ruines,

And

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

And as a Sauadge Bore that (hunted longe,
Assayld and set vp) with his onely eyes,
Swimming in fire keepes of the baying hounds,
Though suncke himselfe, yet houlds his anger vp,
And snowes it fo:th in foame; houlds firme his stand,
Of Battalouse Bristles : feedes his hate to die,
And whets his tuskes with wrachfull maiestie.
So fares the furious Duke, and with his lookes,
Doth teach death horrors; makes the hangman learne
New habites for his bloody impudence;
Which now habituall horror from him driues,
Who for his life shunns death, by which he liues,

Enter Chauncellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, Vitry.

Vit. Will not your Lordshippe haue the Duke distinguisht
From other prisoners? where the order is,
To giue vp men condemnd into the hands
Of th' executioner; he would be the death,
Of him that he should die by, ere he sufferd,
Such an abiection,

Cha. But to bind his hands,
I hold it passing needfull,

Har. Tis my Lord,
And very dangerous to bring him loose.

Pra: You will in all dispaire and fury plunge him,
If you but offer it.

Pot. My Lord by this,
The prisoners Spirit is some-thing pacified,
And tis a feare that th' offer of those bands,
Wou'd breed fresh suries in him, and disturbance,
The entry of his soule into her peace,

Cha. I would not that, for any possible danger,
That can be wrought, by his vnarmed hands,
And therefore in his owne forme bring him in,

*Enter Byron, a Bishop or two; with all the guards,
souldiers with muskets.*

Byr. Where shall this weight fall? on what rhegion,
Must this declining prominent poure his lode?
Ile breake my bloods high billows gainst my starrs,
Before this hill be shooke into a flat,

BYTRONS TRAGEDIE.

All France shall feele an earthquake; with what murmur,
This world shrinkes into Chaos?

Arch. Good my Lord,
Forgoe it willingly; and now resigne,
Your sensuall powers entirely to your soule.

Byr. Horror of death, let me alone in peace,
And leaue my soule to me, whome it concernes;
You haue no charge of it; I feele her free,
How she doth rowze, and like a Faulcon stretch
Her siluer wings; as threatening death, with death;
At whom I ioyfully will cast her off:
I know this bodie but a sinck of folly,
The ground-work, and rais'd frame of woe and frailtie:

The bond, and bundle of corruption;
A quick corse, onely sensible of griefe,
A walking sepulcher, or household thiefe:
A glasse of ayre, broken with lesse then breath,
A slauie bound face to face, to death, til death:
And what sayd all you more? I know, besides
That life is but a darke and stormy night,
Of sencelesse dreames, terrors, and broken sleepes;

A Tyranie, deuising paines to plague
And make man long in dying, racks his death;
And death is nothing, what can you say more?
I bring a long Globe, and a little earth,
Am seated like earth betwixt both the heauens:

That if I rise; to heauen I rise; if fall
I likewise fall to heauen; what stronger faith,
Hath any of your soules? what say you more?
Why lose I time in these things? talke of knowledge,
It serues for inward vse. I will not die
Like to a Clergie man; but like the Captaine,
That prayd on horse-back and with sword in hand,
Threatend the Sunne, commanding it to stand;
These are but ropes of sand.

Chan. Desire you then,
To speake with any man?

Byr. I would speake with La Ferce, and Saint Blancart.

Vyt.

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Byr. Do they flie me?

Where is Preuost, controwler of my house?

Pra. Gone to his house ith countrie three daies since.

Byr. He should haue stayd here, he keepes all my blancks;

O all the world forsakes me ! wretched world,

Consisting most of parts, that flie each other:

A firmnesse, breeding all inconstancy,

A bond of all disiunction; like a man

Long buried, is a man that long hath liu'd;

Touch him, he falls to ashes; for one fault,

I forfeite all the fashion of a man;

Why should I keepe my soule in this dark light?

Whose blacke beames lighted me to loose my selfe.

When I haue lost my arnes, my fame, my winde,

Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and euен my furie?

O. happie were the man, could liue alone,

To know no man, nor be of any knowne!

Har. My Lord, it is the manner once againe

To read the sentence?

Byr. Yet more sentences?

How often will yee make me suffer death?

As yee were proud to heare your powreful domes?

I know and feele you were the men that gaue it,

And die most cruellie to heare so often

My crimes and bitter condemnation vrdg'd:

Suffize it, I am brought here; and obey,

And that all here are priuie to the crimes.

Chan. It must be read my Lord, no remedie.

Byr. Reade, if it must be, then; and I must talke.

Harl. The processe being extraordinarily made and examin'd by the Court, and chambers assembled---

Byr. Condemn'd for depositions of a witch?

The common deposition, and her whoore

To all whorish periuries and treacheries.

Sure he cal'd vp the diuill in my spirits,

And made him to vsurpe my faculties.

Shall I be cast away now he's cast out?

What Justice is in this? deare countrey-men,

Take

Take this true evidence, betwixt heauen and you,
And quit me in your hearts.

Cha. Go on.

Har. Against Charles Gontalt of Byron : knight of both the orders; Duke of Byron, peere and marshall of France; Gouernor of Burgondy, accus'd of treason in a sentence was giuen the 22. of this month, condemning the said Duke of Byron of heigh treason, for his directe conspiracies against the kings person; enterprises against his state.

Byr. That is most false; let me for euer be,
Deprived of heauen, as I shall be of earth,
If it be true: knowe worthy country-men,
These two and twenty moneths I haue bene clere,
Of all atempts against the king and state.

Har. Treaties and trecheries with his Enemies, being marshall of the Kings army, for reparation of which crimes they deprived him of all his estates, honors and dignities, and condemned him to lose his head vpon a Scaffold at the Greaue

Byr. The Greaue? had that place stoo'd for my dispatch
I had not yeelded; all your forces should not,
Stire me one foote; wild horses should haue drawne,
My body peece-meale, eare you all had brought me.

Har. Declaring all his goods moueable and immoueable
whatsoeuer to be confiscate to the King: the Signeury of
Byron to loose the title of Duchy and Peere for euer.

Byr. Now is your forme contented,

Cha. I my Lord
And I must now entreat you to deliuer,
Your order vp, the king demands it of you.

Byr. And I restore it, with my vow of safty,
In that world, where both he and I are one,
I neuer brake the oth I tooke to take it.

Cha. We'l now my Lord wee'l take our datest leaues,
Beseeching heauen to take as clere from you, q ill mod wll ait
All sence of torment in your willing death:
All loue and thought of what you must leaue here,
As when you shall aspire heauens highest sphere,

Byr. Thankes to your Lordship and let me prayte, I aslve
That you will hold good ceasure of my life,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

By the cleere witnesse of my soule in death,
That I haue never past agaist the King,
Which if my faith had let me vndertake,
They had bene three yeares since, amongst the dead;

Harl: Your soule shall finde his safety in her owne,
Call the executioner.

Byr: Good sir I pray,
Go after and beseech the Chancellor
That he will let my body be interrd,
Amongst my predecessors at Byron:

Des: I go my Lord:

Exit.

Byr: Go, go? can all go thus? ym studi, and I ym
And no man come with comfort? farewell world:
He is at no end of his actions blst,
Whose ends will make him greatest, and not best;
They tread no ground, but ride in ayre on stormes,
That follow State, and hunt their empty formes;
Who see not that they Valleys of the world,
Make euuen right with the Mountains? that they grow
Greene, and lye warmer; and euer peacefull are;
When Clowdes spit fire at Hilles, and burne them bare?
Not Valleys party, but we should imitate Screames,
That run below the Valleys, and do ycelde demys
To euery Mole-hill; etiety Banke imbraceit
That checks their Currants; and when Torrents come,
That swell and raise them past their naturall height,
How madde they are, and trubl'd? like low straines
With Torrents crownd, are men with Diomedes;

Vit: My Lord tis late; wilt please you to go vp?

Byr: Vp? tis a faire preferment, ha ha ha,
There should go shewtes and vp-shots; not a breath long, but
Of any mercy, yet? come? since we must;
Whose this?

Pral: The executioner, my Lord; but, bridle boy, don't

Byr: Death slaye, downe, or by the blood that moues me;
Ile plucke thy throat out; goe; Ile call you straight,
Hold boy; and this,

Hang: Soft boy ile barre you that

Byr: Take this then; yet I pray thee, that a gaine

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

I do not ioy in sight of such a Pageant
As presents death; Though this life haue a curse;

Tis better then another that is worse;

Arch: My Lord, now you are blinde to this worlds sight,
Looke vpward to a world of endles light;

Byr: I, I, you talke of vpward still to others,
And downwards looke, with headlong eyes your selues.
Now come you vp sir; But not touch me yet;
Where shall I be now?

Hang: Heere my Lord;

Byr: Wheres that?

Hang: There, there, my Lord;

Byr: And where, slau'e, is that there?
Thou seest I see not? yet I speake as I saw;
Well, now ist fit?

Hang: Kneele, I beseech your Grace,
That I may do mine office with most order;

Byr: Do it, and if at one blow thou art short,
Giue one and thirty, Ile indure them all.
Hold; stay a little; comes there yet no mercy?
High Heauen curse these exemplarie proceedings,
When Iustice failes; they sacrifice our example;

Hang: Let me beseech you, I may cut your haire;

Byr: Out vgly Image of my cruell Iustice;
Yet wilt thou be before me, stay my will,
Or by the will of Heauen Ile strangle thee;

Uit: My Lord you make to much of this your body,
Which is no more your owne;

Byr: Nor is it yours; Ile take my death, with all the horride rites
And representments, of the dreadit merits;
Let tame Nobilitie, and nummed fooles
That apprehend not what they vndergo,
Be such exemplarie, and formall shcepe
I will not haue him touch me, till I will;
If you will needs racke me beyond my reason,
Helle take me, but Ile strangle halfe thats here,
And force the rest to kill me. Ile keape downe

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

If but once more they tempt me to dispaire ;
You wish my quiet , yet giue cause of fury :
Thinke you to set rude windes vpon the Sea,
Yet keepe it calme ? or cast me in a sleepe,
With shaking of my chaines about myne cares ?
Ohonest Soldiers , you haue scene me free,
From any care , of many thousand deathes !
Yet , of this one , the manner doth amaze me ,
View , view , this wounded bosome , how much bound
Should that man inake me , that would shoote it through ;
Is it not pitty I should lose my life ,
By such a bloody and infamous stroake ?

Soldi: Now by thy spirit , and thy better Angell ,
If thou werit cleere , the Continent of France ,
Would shrinke beneath the burthen of thy death ,
Ere it would b:are it ;

Vit: Whose that ?

Soldi: I say well :

And cleere your Iustice , here is no ground shrinks ,
If he were cleere it would : And I say more ,
Clere , or not cleere , If he with all his foulenesse ,
Stood here in one Skale , and the Kings chiefe Mynion ,
Stood in another , here : Put here a pardon ,
Here lay a royall gift , this , this , in merit ,
Should hoyse the other Mynion into ayre :

Vit: Hence with that franticke :

Byr: This is some poore witnes .
That my desert , might haue out-weighed my forseyt :
But danger , hauntes desert , when he is Greatest ;
His hearty ills , are prou'd out of his glaunces ,
And Kings suspicions , needes no Ballances ;
So her's a most decreetall end of me :

Whiche I desire , in me , may end my wrongs ;
Commend my loue , I charge you , to my brothers ,
And by my loue , and misery command them ,
To keepe their faiths that bind them to the King ,
And proue no stomakers of my missfortunes ;
Nor come to Court , till time hath eaten out ,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

The blots, and skarres of my opprobrious death;
And tell the Earle, my deare friend of D' Auergne,
That my death vtterly were free from grieve,
But for the sad losse of his worthy friendship;
And if I had beene made for longer life,
I would haue more deseru'd him in my seruice,
Beseeching him to know I haue not vsde
One word in my arraignement; that might touch him,
Had I no other want then so ill meaning;
And so farewell for euer: neuer more
Shall any hope of my reuiuall see mee;
Such is the endlesse exile of dead men.
Summer succeeds the spring; *Autumne* the Summer,
The Frosts of Winter, the falne leaues of *Autumne*:
All these, and all fruites in them yearely fade,
And euery yeare returne: but cursed man,
Shall neuer more renew, his vanisht face;
Fall on your knees, then Statists ere yee fall,
That you may rise againe: knees bent too late,
Stick you in earth like statuēs: see in me
How you are powr'd downe from your cleerest heauens;
Fall lower yet: mixt with th' vnmoued center,
That your owne shadowes may no longer mocke yee.
Stricke, stricke, O stricke;
Flie, flie commanding soule,
And on thy wings for this thy bodies breath,
Beare the eternall victory of death.

FINIS.





